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# The Progressive Road to Silent Reading

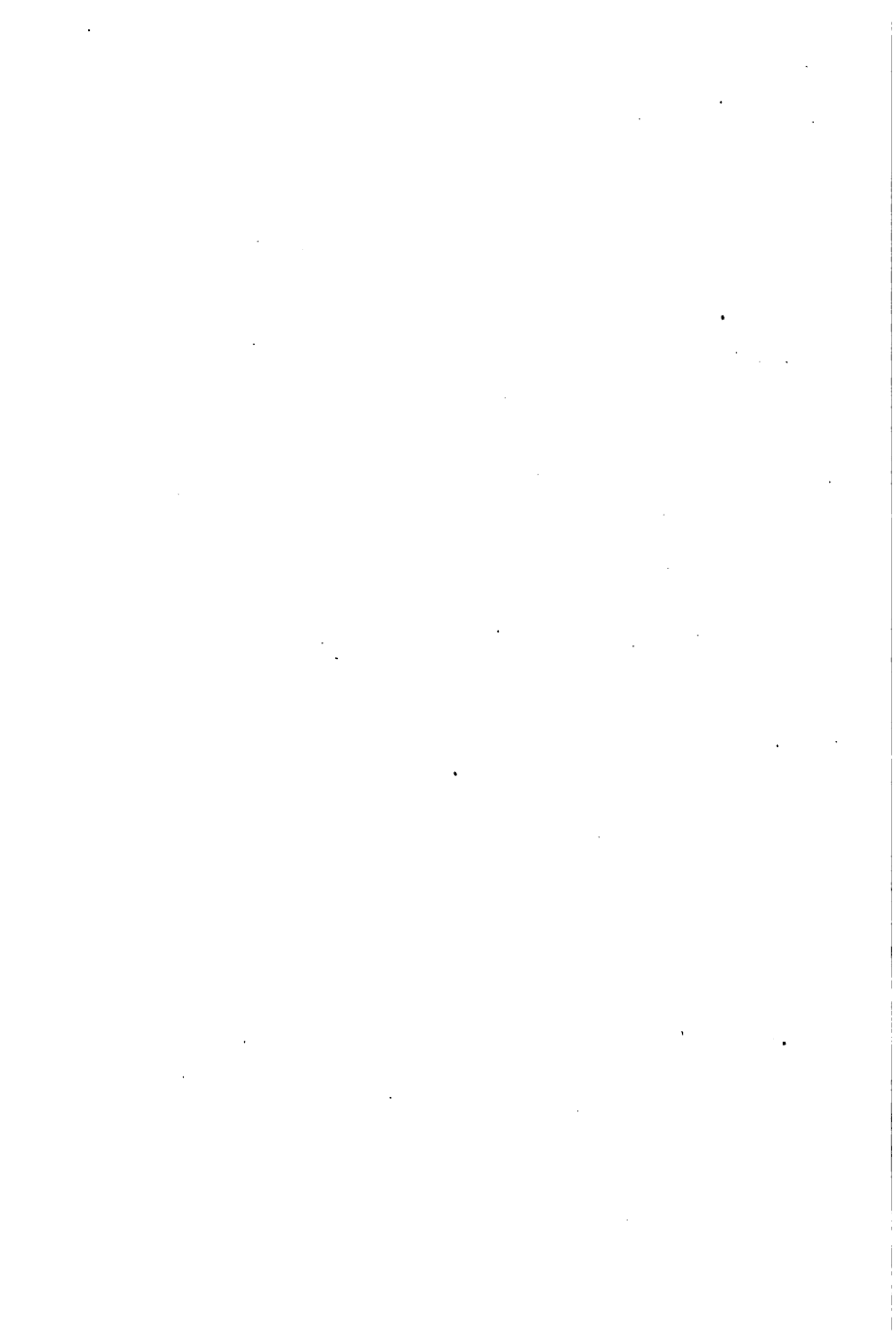


Fourth Year



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THE PROGRESSIVE ROAD  
TO  
SILENT READING

BY

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FOURTH YEAR

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## INTRODUCTION

ONE of the most marked advances in educational theory and practice is the increasing recognition of the importance of silent reading. Until very recently reading was taught with reference almost exclusively to its oral phases — correct pronunciation, distinct enunciation, and ability to read without hesitancy. For some time, however, the more thoughtful teachers have felt that these standards failed to recognize the most essential element of good reading — the ability to extract quickly and unerringly the thought of the subject matter. Silent reading is the means which present-day thought and practice have provided to develop this skill.

It is the object of this addition to **THE PROGRESSIVE ROAD TO READING** series to embody those types of training, based upon the findings of experimental science, that will produce efficiency in silent reading. Children do not learn to read for thought unless taught to do so by a method suitable to their mental attainments. The method presented in this series of books is the outgrowth of actual work in the classroom, and the authors' confidence in the method employed is based upon its successful classroom use.

In the light of the foregoing, it may readily be inferred that in addition to the quality of the carefully selected material suitable for silent reading, this series has certain distinctive features:



1. *Reading for comprehension* is provided for in specific directions to children upon the method of studying the subject matter, and in addition the child is tested upon the efficiency of his work by comparing his synopsis of each numbered selection with the corresponding one found in the Appendix. These synopses in the Appendix have been made by children of the same grade as those who will use the book. Consequently, a standard of attainment is established which is not above the capacity of children in this grade. These synopses are graded throughout this series, progressing from the simplest statement of the thought in the first book to the more advanced topical outline of the last.

2. *Reading for speed* is provided for in ten unnumbered selections which direct the child to the library for the rest of the story while he is in a state of suspended interest, the number representing one longer selection for reading every four weeks throughout the school year. This feature has many advantages, among which may be mentioned the possibility of directing the children's reading and also of providing a systematic course of extensive reading during these years. The pupils should be required to give in class oral synopses of these longer selections. If the books mentioned could be made the nucleus of a class library, it would add to the pupils' convenience.

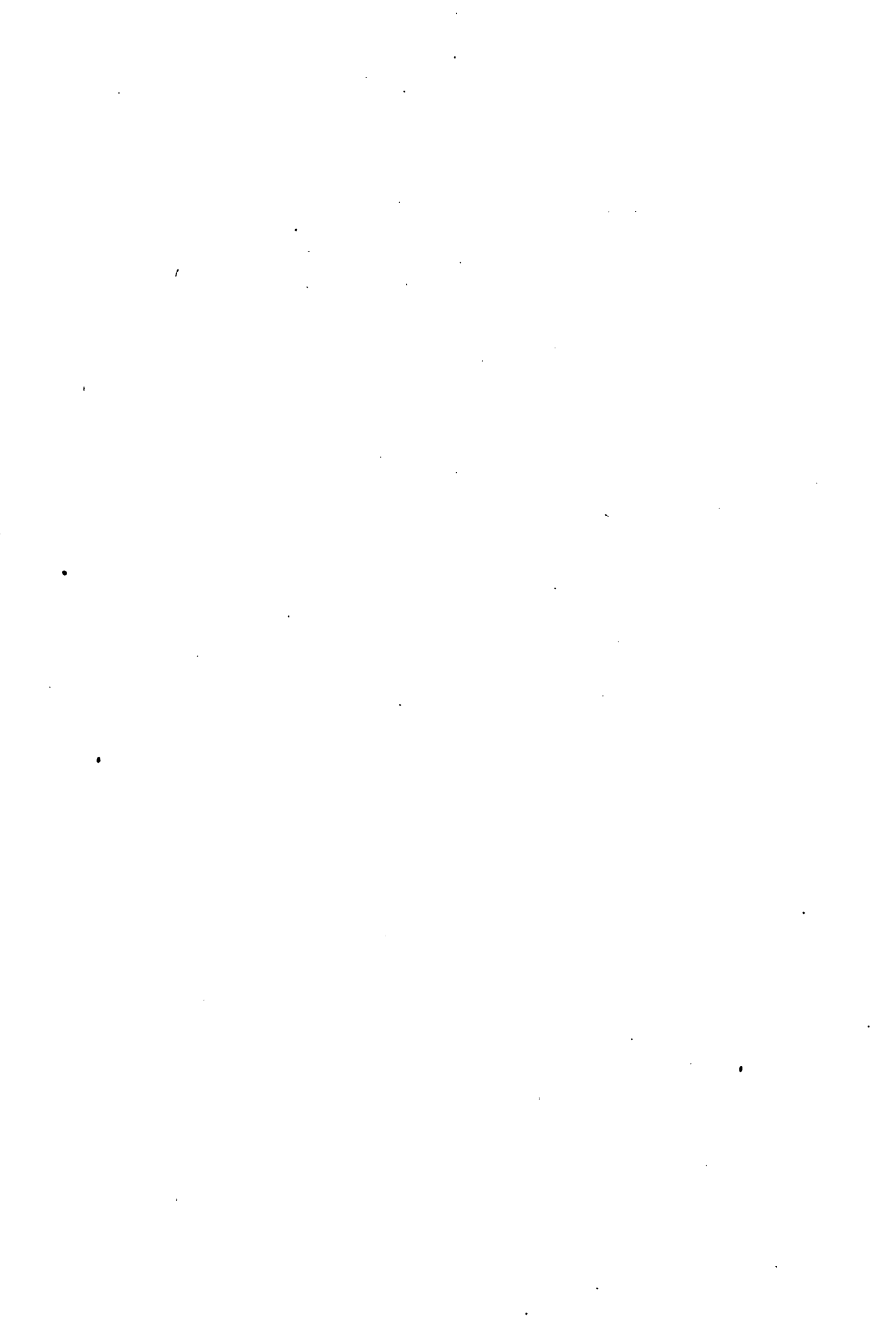
3. *The study of standard pictures* as part of the reading text will furnish the beginnings of the appreciation of art. Well-rounded education demands that children should be taught to "read" pictures, by seeing in them the beauty revealed to the eye of the artist. The appreciation of literature and art should grow side by side in the process of child development.

4. *Correlation.* The method of study herein developed is applicable to the study of language, history, science, etc. These subjects will be found easier to acquire and to retain with the growth and development of skill in reading effectively. Recent studies have shown that lack of ability to read understandingly is one of the chief reasons why children do not succeed well in other subjects. Composition becomes a reasonable and intelligent exercise when children write or tell a story based upon a "composition content" of their own, arranged in a logical sequence. Thoughts and ideas move easily and fluently under such conditions.

By the employment of a method as basic as the one herein provided, the teacher's work will become easier, more systematic, and consequently more effective, and the children's efforts more fruitful because of the successful self-activity aroused and developed. The acquisition of a method of study means that during his school life the child will be doing what every successful educated adult has learned to do, — attack a subject and make it his own, even if assistance is not at hand. There is no better preparation for life than what is attempted in this series.

Acknowledgment is gratefully extended to Johanna M. Hopkins and Helen C. Keating for their valuable assistance in the preparation of the picture study lessons.

THE AUTHORS



## TO THE BOY OR GIRL USING THIS BOOK :

You are about to begin the study of a book that will teach you to read rapidly and with understanding. The ability to do this is one of the greatest accomplishments that you can have, and one that will be very valuable to you in your school life as well as later on; for nearly all your reading will be done silently, in your school books, or in newspapers, periodicals, magazines, and books, for the purpose of gathering the facts and ideas contained in them.

As you develop the power to read with speed and understanding, your other school subjects will become easier for you. You will be able to get your lessons in geography, history, and arithmetic more quickly, and you will be able to learn more in a given length of time. Later on you will advance more rapidly in your work or profession because you will have the ability to grasp quickly the written thoughts of others concerning the activities in which you are engaged. The problem of learning to read silently is, therefore, one of real and practical importance to you.

In order to acquire this accomplishment of effective silent reading, you will need to follow out carefully the directions given. All of the *numbered* selections are to be studied in the same way; before beginning to read each one of these, turn back to the first page and read again the directions given there.

Some of the other stories stop in the most interesting place and leave you wondering what is going to happen next. You will be told where to find the rest of the story. Write down the name of the book and of the person who wrote it; get that book from the library and read the whole story through. *You will like it.*

It is important, too, that you study the pictures just as you are told to do, being ready in each case to give your own ideas about a picture before you read what the authors have to say. There is no greater pleasure than that which comes from reading good books and seeing beautiful pictures. This book tells you how to read and enjoy them.

THE AUTHORS

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## I. THE WOODCUTTER'S COTTAGE

[Read this story very carefully. As you read, stop every few moments, think over what you have read, and write a brief statement containing the main thought. You will probably find that you will be able to write in one sentence the principal thought of a whole paragraph, and, in many cases, of several paragraphs.]

When you have finished the story, turn to the Appendix in the back of the book. Find the group of sentences having the same number and title as this story, and compare your sentences with those made by another student of a fourth-year class. Make any corrections you wish.

Follow this plan as you read each *numbered* story in the book.]

Once upon a time, a woodcutter and his wife lived in their cottage on the edge of a large and ancient forest. They had two dear little children who met with the most wonderful adventure. But, before telling you all about it, I must describe the children to you and let you know something of their character.

Tyltyl — that was our hero's name — was ten years old; and Mytyl, his little sister, was only six. Tyltyl was a fine, tall little fellow, stout and well built, with curly black hair which was often in a tangle, for he was fond of a romp. He was a great favorite because

of his smiling and good-tempered face and the bright look in his eyes ; but, best of all, he had the ways of a bold and fearless little man, which showed the noble qualities of his heart. When, early in the morning he trotted along the forest road by the side of his daddy, Tyl, the woodcutter, for all his shabby clothes he looked so proud and gallant that every beautiful thing on the earth and in the sky seemed to lie in wait for him to smile upon as he passed.

His little sister was very different, but looked ever so sweet and pretty in her long frock, which Mummy Tyl kept neatly patched for her. She was as fair as her brother was dark ; and her large, timid eyes were blue as the forget-me-nots in the fields. Anything was enough to frighten her and she would cry at the least thing ; but her little child soul already held the highest womanly qualities. She was loving and gentle and fondly devoted to her brother.

Daddy Tyl's cottage was the poorest of the countryside ; and it seemed even more wretched because it stood opposite a splendid hall in which rich children lived. From the windows of the cottage you could see what went on inside the hall when the dining-room and drawing-rooms were lit up in the evening. And, in the daytime, you saw the little children playing on the terraces, in the garden, and in the hothouses which people came all the way from the town to visit because they were always filled with the rarest flowers.

Now, one evening which was not like other evenings, for it was Christmas Eve, Mummy Tyl put her little ones to bed and kissed them even more lovingly than usual. She felt a little sad because, owing to the stormy weather, Daddy Tyl was not able to go to work in the forest; and so she had no money to buy presents with which to fill Tytyl and Mytyl's stockings. The children soon fell asleep. Everything was still and silent and not a sound was heard but the purring of the cat, the snoring of the dog, and the ticking of the great-grandfather's clock. But suddenly a light as bright as day crept through the shutters, the lamp upon the table lit again of itself, and the two children awoke, yawned, rubbed their eyes, and stretched out their arms in bed. Tytyl in a cautious voice called:

"Mytyl?"

"Yes, Tytyl?" was the answer.

"Are you asleep?"

"Are you?"

"No," said Tytyl. "How can I be asleep, when I'm talking to you?"

"I say, is this Christmas Day?" asked his sister.

"Not yet; not till to-morrow. But Father Christmas won't bring us anything this year."

"Why not?"

"I heard Mummy say that she couldn't go to town to tell him. But he will come next year."

"Is next year far off?"

"A good long while," said the boy. "But he will come to the rich children to-night."

"Really?"

"Hello!" cried Tytyl of a sudden. "Mummy's forgotten to put out the lamp! I've an idea!"

"What?"

"Let's get up."

"But we mustn't," said Mytyl, who always remembered.

"Why, there's no one about! . . . Do you see the shutters?"

"Oh, how bright they are!"

"It's the lights of the party," said Tytyl.

"What party?"

"The rich children opposite. It's the Christmas tree. Let's open the shutters."

"Can we?" asked Mytyl timidly.

"Of course we can; there's no one to stop us. Do you hear the music? Let us get up."

The two children jumped out of bed, ran to the window, climbed on the stool in front of it, and threw back the shutters. A bright light filled the room, and the children looked out eagerly.

"We can see everything!" said Tytyl.

"I can't," said poor little Mytyl, who could hardly find room on the stool.

"It's snowing!" said Tytyl. "There are two carriages, with six horses each."

"There are twelve little boys getting out!" said Mytyl, who was doing her best to peep out of the window.

"Don't be silly! . . . They're little girls."

"They've got knickerbockers on."

"Do be quiet! . . . and look!"

"What are those gold things there hanging from the branches?"

"Why, toys, to be sure!" said Tytyl. "Swords, guns, soldiers, cannons."

"And what's that all around the table?"

. "Cakes and fruit and cream-tarts."

"Oh, how pretty the children are!" cried Mytyl, clapping her hands.

"And how they're laughing and laughing!" answered Tytyl.

"And the little ones dancing!"

And the two children began to stamp their feet for joy on the stool.

"Oh, what fun!" said Mytyl.

"They're getting the cakes!" cried Tytyl. "They can touch them! They're eating! They're eating! They're eating! Oh, how lovely! How lovely!"

Mytyl began to count imaginary cakes.

"I have twelve."

"And I have four times twelve!" said Tytyl. "But I'll give you some."

And our little friends, dancing, laughing, and

shrieking with delight, rejoiced so prettily in the other children's happiness that they forgot their own poverty and want.

MADAME MAETERLINCK

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## 2. THE CID CURES A COWARD

[The Cid (meaning the Chief) is a Spanish national hero who lived in the eleventh century. He was a great leader in the wars against the Moors, who were occupying a large part of Spain at the time.]

The story of Martin, the coward, is rather amusing, and shows the shrewdness of the Cid and his knowledge of men.

At one time, while the Cid was fighting to capture a city, Martin came to him and joined his men. He was a tall, stout fellow, with strong arms, and had a very warlike appearance, but the Cid knew him to be a coward and a boaster, and was sorry to see him come. Still, he thought that perhaps he could make a good knight of him, and so kept him.

Every day parties were sent out to fight with the Moors who came forth from the city. One day Martin, who belonged to one of these parties, seeing them all hard at it and thinking no one would notice him, quietly stole back to his lodging and hid until the Cid and his men came back to their dinner.

The arrangement of seats at table was as follows :

the Cid ate alone at a high table overlooking the rest ; nearest him at a lower table sat the bravest and most famous knights, while at still another table were placed those knights who had as yet won no fame in arms.

When they were seated, on the day I speak of, Martin washed his hands and, boldly walking in, was about to take a seat among the brave knights. But the Cid had seen his conduct in the fight with the Moors and thought this was the time to give him his first lesson. So he took him by the hand and led him to his own table, saying, "You are not fit to sit with these, for they are worth more than you and I; but I will have you with me." Martin must have been rather stupid, as well as a coward, for he took this for an honor and held his head very high.

The next day there was another battle, and the Cid watched Martin to see if the lesson was having an effect; and though, when he was fairly in the midst of the fight, the poor coward turned and ran home as he had done before, he had taken one step in advance, for he had been among those who made the first charge.

This time the Cid not only led him to his table, but ate from the same dish with him, which was the greatest honor he could have shown any one, and he said that Martin was even more deserving of praise this day than the day before.

The poor fellow listened and was ashamed, for he



now felt his own baseness in spite of his commander's praise. When he had gone to his lodging, he thought it all over. Then he began to see the reason for the Cid's action, and knew that none of the brave knights at the other table would have been held up to ridicule in that way. But there was good material in him, for, instead of being angry and blaming the Cid, he admitted that it was all his own fault and resolved to do better thereafter.

In the next battle he went to work with such good will and fought so well that the Moors marveled at him and asked where the rascal came from, for they had never seen him before.

Bravery and modesty came to Martin together, and on leaving the field after the battle, he went quietly to his own lodging, and at dinner would have sat down unseen, if he could have managed it, at the lowest table. But the Cid led him to a higher place and said, "My friend, you are not such a one as deserves to sit with me, but sit you here with these other good knights, for the good deeds which you have done this day have made you a companion for them."

From that day forward, Martin became one of the bravest knights in Spain and one of the Cid's best friends, and was honored as no knight had ever been honored by the Cid till then.

Adapted from the chapter entitled "Martin Pelaez, the Coward," in "Stories from the Chronicle of the Cid," by MARY WRIGHT PLUMMER, published by Henry Holt and Company.



*Landseer*

**SAVED**

## SAVED

[Before reading what follows, turn to page 9 and write down all the things you see in the picture. Then tell the story of the picture in your own words. Does the picture suggest anything, or teach a lesson?]

The picture, "Saved," was painted by Sir Edwin Landseer, an English artist, well known as a painter of animals.

In the foreground we see a large black and white dog which has come up from the rocky side of the waterfront. Across his forepaws lies the lifeless form of a little girl. She is clothed in a dark dress, and her large straw hat is still on the back of her head, but both the child and the dog appear to be dripping wet. Beyond we see the open ocean and a rocky point of land. Overhead sea gulls are flying.

What is the story the picture tells? We know that the child had not been in wading, for she still wears her shoes and socks. Since she is dressed as if for an outing or picnic, it may be that she was a visitor at the seashore.

We may imagine that the little girl had been playing by herself along the shore. But as she was climbing over the rocks she slipped and fell into the water. When she tried to get to her feet again, the spray blinded her, and the strong undercurrent pulled her farther and farther out. Aroused by her screams the great Newfoundland dog, which belonged to a fisherman

in a near-by cottage, ran to the water's edge and plunged in. He swam out to the child, seized her by the dress, and, holding his head high, struggled back through the breakers to the shore.

Now that he has carried the child safely to dry land, the great dog still watches over her. He himself is exhausted. His jaws are spread wide, and he is panting from exertion and excitement. But his eyes express mute appeal for the further assistance he cannot give. Such is his faithfulness that he is not likely to surrender his charge to any but his own master.

In view of their intelligence and courage it is not surprising that the artist Landseer should have loved these dogs from his boyhood. Even as a child he showed great talent for the drawing of animals, and throughout his life this subject continued to be his favorite one.

### 3. THE FISHERMAN

This is the story that is told of a peasant who lived long ago in Iceland. Every day he went out fishing among the little islands off the shore. On returning from the sea at nightfall he had to cross a wide marsh. It happened once that on his way home he came to a place where a horse had become mired in a bog. The horse's owner was trying to free the poor animal from the deep mud, but was unable to do so without help. The fisherman, to whom this man was a stranger, at

once put down his basket of fish and aided in pulling the frightened horse out of the bog.

When the animal stood again safe and sound upon the firm ground, the stranger said to the fisherman, "I am your neighbor, for I live just beyond you. I am returning from the sea, like you. I am sorry, but I am so poor that I cannot pay you for this service as you ought to be paid. I will promise you, however, this much: that you shall never go to sea without catching fish, nor ever, if you take my advice, return with empty hands. But you must never put to sea without having first seen me pass your house as if going toward the shore. Obey me in this matter, and I promise you that you shall never launch your boat in vain."

The fisherman thanked him for this advice. For three years afterward he took care never to put to sea till he had first seen his neighbor pass his door. He always launched his boat safely and always came home with a fine catch of fish.

At the end of the three years there came a day when the fisherman, looking out from his doorway in the early morning, noticed that wind and weather were favorable and saw all the other fishermen hurrying down to the sea to make the best of so fair a day. But, though he waited hour after hour in the hope of seeing his neighbor pass, still the man did not come. At last, losing patience, the fisherman started out without

having seen his neighbor go by. When he came down to the shore, however, he found that every one of the boats had been launched and were now far out on the sea.

Before night a terrible storm arose and the wind blew furiously. Every boat that had that day put to sea was wrecked and every fisherman was drowned, the peasant alone escaping because he had been unable to find a boat.

The next night he had a strange dream. In this dream his neighbor came to him and said, "Although you did not follow my advice yesterday, still I so far felt kindly toward you that I hindered you from going out to sea and thus saved you from drowning. But look no more to see me pass, for we have met for the last time."

And never again did the peasant see his neighbor pass his door.

JÓN ARNASON — Adapted

#### 4. THE RAIN

One day last summer the boys and girls of our village went on a picnic to a park not far from their homes. They had been making preparations for days. Night after night they had dreamed of all the fun they were going to have. When the day finally came, each child upon awakening ran to look out of his window to see what the weather was going to be. The sun was

shining brightly and they were happy. None of them noticed a little cloud in the eastern sky, and, even if they had done so, it would not have made any difference. They would have had the picnic just the same.

Everything was made ready in short order. Breakfasts were hastily eaten, — too hastily, in fact, — and lunch boxes were packed until they bulged. So great was the eagerness of the boys and girls that every one reached the appointed meeting place ten minutes or more ahead of time.

How happy the children looked as they started towards the picnic ground, and how merrily they chattered of their plans for the day! Wouldn't they have a wonderful time! With the sun shining so beautifully, of course not a single thought was given to the weather. They did not notice that the cloud in the east had risen higher in the sky. What cared they for clouds? They were out for fun.

The picnic park was reached at last, — and, oh! such a scramble! The children scampered joyously over the ground. They rolled about, turned somersaults, and called to one another in excited voices. Games were soon in full swing, — "Tag," "Hide and Seek," "Follow Master," and all the other favorites.

So heartily did they enter into the games that when dinner time came, they were not only ravenously hungry, but glad of the chance, also, to sit down under

the trees and rest. Lunch boxes were quickly opened and the contents were not long in disappearing. Those mothers who felt sure in the morning that too much lunch was being packed up, should have been there to see what happened to those sandwiches and cakes. Every bit of food was eaten, and it is quite likely that if as much more had been brought, it would have gone the same way.

After lunch all decided to rest for a while and play speaking games. So occupied were they that, before they knew it, the cloud had risen higher and higher until the golden sun of the morning was entirely shut out.

In the midst of their play they were all startled by a distant rumble, which was followed almost immediately by a flash of lightning. Fierce gusts of wind came from the direction in which the cloud was first seen; the tree tops began to sway violently.

The children snatched up their hats and lunch boxes, and started to run for home. They were too late. Down came the rain! They had no umbrellas and were afraid to seek shelter under the trees because of the lightning. Oh, what a drenching they got! All thoughts of picnic disappeared and gave place to one great wish to get home. There was nothing to do but to splash along through the mud puddles with the rain beating down upon them. It was a bedraggled and disappointed group of children who finally reached home.



It is very uncomfortable and disagreeable to be caught in a rainstorm as these children were, and sometimes we say bitter things about the rain because it spoils our plans. "Wouldn't this be a lovely world," we say, "if we never had rain? How delightful it would be to have sunshine always, — nothing but sunshine!"

Now it happens there is a place in our country very much like this, — a valley in California where almost no rain falls. No picnics are spoiled there, and people are never drenched by sudden showers. Its name tells us at once what kind of place it is; it is called "Death Valley." Until a few years ago there was not a living thing in the valley except a few snakes and lizards. Skeletons of men and animals have been found there, showing what happened to some of those who tried to cross the valley without a sufficient supply of water. In recent years, by conducting water for many miles in large pipes it has been found possible to irrigate a small portion of the desert. But even here the air is so dry and the heat so intense that few white men can endure it for very long.

Of course we all know that one can live but a short time without water to drink; and how can any country supply the traveler with drinking water unless enough rain falls to fill up the springs?

What flowers would grow, or what fruits or vegetables, if we had no rain? Where would our bread

come from, and our cakes, and all those things which we like so well? Why, we could not have them at all but for the rain! The flour from which they are made grows in the form of wheat, and this wheat has to be watered by the rain. So it is with all our cereals. Rain feeds them all and helps them to grow.

Maybe you think that even if we didn't have bread and cakes and water, we could still get enough to eat, because we would have meat and milk and all the good things which come to us from animals. Would we? Where do the cows and the other animals get their food? In the fields, of course. But where would the grass be and all the things that the animals eat if we had no rain to make them grow? The animals would die also, because they could not live without water and without food,—and neither could be obtained without rain.

### ONLY ONE

Hundreds of stars in the pretty sky ;

Hundreds of shells on the shore together ;

Hundreds of birds go singing by ;

Hundreds of bees in the sunny weather.

Hundreds of dewdrops to greet the dawn ;

Hundreds of lambs in purple clover ;

Hundreds of butterflies on the lawn ;

But only one mother the wide world over.

GEORGE COOPER

## DOWN THE RABBIT HOLE

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do; once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, and "what is the use of a book," thought Alice, "without pictures or conversations?"

So she was considering in her own mind (as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid), whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a white rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so very remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so very much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I shall be too late!" But when the Rabbit actually took a watch out of its waistcoat pocket, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat pocket or a watch to take out of it, and, burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit hole under the hedge.

In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

The rabbit hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down what seemed to be a very deep well.

Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her, and to wonder what was going to happen next.

First, she tried to look down and make out what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything; then she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and bookshelves; here and there she saw maps and pictures hung upon pegs. She took down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed. It was labeled "Orange Marmalade," but to her great disappointment it was empty; she did not like to drop the jar for fear of killing somebody underneath, so managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.

"Well!" thought Alice to herself, "after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling downstairs! How brave they'll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house!" (Which was very likely true.)

Down, down, down. Would the fall never come to an end? "I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?" she said aloud. "I must be getting

somewhere near the center of the earth. Let me see : that would be four thousand miles down, I think —” (for, you see, Alice had learned several things of this sort in her lessons in the schoolroom, and though this was not a very good opportunity for showing off her knowledge, as there was no one to listen to her, still it was good practice to say it over) — “yes, that’s about the right distance — but then I wonder what latitude I’ve got to?” (Alice had not the slightest idea what latitude was, or longitude either, but she thought they were nice grand words to say.)

Presently she began again. “I wonder if I shall fall right through the earth ! How funny it’ll seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downwards ! The Antipathies, I think” — (she was rather glad there was no one listening this time, as it didn’t sound at all the right word) — “but I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know. Please, ma’am, is this New Zealand or Australia ?” (and she tried to curtsy as she spoke — fancy curtsying as you’re falling through the air ! Do you think you could manage it ?) “And what an ignorant little girl she’ll think me for asking ! No, it’ll never do to ask ; perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere.”

Down, down, down. There was nothing else to do, so Alice soon began talking again. “Dinah’ll miss me very much to-night, I should think !” (Dinah was the cat.) “I hope they’ll remember her saucer of

milk at tea-time. Dinah, my dear! I wish you were down here with me! There are no mice in the air, I'm afraid, but you might catch a bat, and that's very like a mouse, you know. But do cats eat bats, I wonder?" And here Alice began to get rather sleepy, and went on saying to herself, in a dreamy sort of way, "Do cats eat bats? Do cats eat bats?" and sometimes, "Do bats eat cats?" for, you see, as she couldn't answer either question, it didn't much matter which way she put it.

She felt that she was dozing off, and had just begun to dream that she was walking hand in hand with Dinah, and was saying to her very earnestly, "Now, Dinah, tell me the truth: did you ever eat a bat?" when suddenly thump! thump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up on to her feet in a moment; she looked up, but it was dark overhead; before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it.

There was not a moment to be lost: away went Alice like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner, "Oh, my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!"

[For the rest of this very interesting story, read "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," by LEWIS CARROLL.]

## 5. THE TEAPOT

There was a proud Teapot, proud of being porcelain, proud of its long spout, proud of its broad handle. It had something before and behind — the spout before, the handle behind — and that was what it talked about. But it did not talk of its lid. That was cracked, it was riveted, it had faults; and one does not talk about one's faults. There are plenty of others to do that. The cups, the cream pot, the sugar bowl, the whole tea service would be reminded much more of the lid's weakness and talk about that, than of the sound handle and spout. The Teapot knew it.

"I know you," it said within itself. "I know well enough, too, my fault; and I am well aware that in that very thing is seen my humility, my modesty. We all have faults, but then one also has a talent. The cups get a handle, the sugar bowl a lid; I get both, and one thing besides in front, which they never get. I get a spout, and that makes me a queen on the tea table. The sugar bowl and cream pot are good looking serving maids; but I am the one who gives, yes, the one high in council. I spread abroad a blessing among thirsty mankind. In my insides the Chinese leaves are worked up in the boiling, tasteless water."

All this said the Teapot in its fresh young life. It stood on the table that was spread for tea. It was lifted by a very delicate hand; but the very delicate

hand was awkward. The Teapot fell. The spout snapped off; the handle snapped off; the lid was no worse to speak of — the worst had been spoken of that. The Teapot lay in a swoon on the floor, while the boiling water ran out of it. It was a horrid shame, but the worst was that they jeered at it; they jeered at it, and not at the awkward hand.

“I never shall lose the memory of that!” said the Teapot, when it afterward talked to itself of the course of its life. “I was called an invalid, and placed in a corner, and the day after was given to a woman who begged for food. I fell into poverty and stood dumb both outside and in; but there, as I stood, began my better life.

“One is one thing and becomes quite another. Earth was placed in me: for a Teapot, that is the same as being buried, but in the earth was placed a flower bulb. Who placed it there, who gave it, I know not; given it was, and it took the place of the Chinese leaves and the boiling water, the broken handle and spout.

“And the bulb lay in the earth. The bulb lay in me. It became my heart, my living heart, such as I never before had. There was life in me, power and might. My pulses beat; the bulb put forth sprouts; it was the springing up of thoughts and feelings; they burst forth in flower.

“I saw it, I bore it, I forgot myself in its delight.



Blessed is it to forget one's self in another! The bulb gave me no thanks; it did not think of me; it was admired and praised. I was so glad at that: how happy it must have been!

"One day I heard it said that it ought to have a better pot. I was thumped on my back — that was rather hard to bear; but the flower was put in a better pot — and I was thrown away in the yard, where I lie as an old crock. But I have the memory: *that* I can never lose."

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

## 6. THE SCHOOLMASTER

In this by-place of nature, there dwelt, some thirty years since, a worthy man of the name of Ichabod Crane, who had come to Sleepy Hollow for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity.

The name of Crane fitted his person. He was tall but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock perched upon his spindle neck to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mis-

taken him for some scarecrow escaped from a corn-field.

His schoolroom was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs, the windows partly glazed and partly patched with leaves of old copy books. It was secured at vacant hours by a twig twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window-shutters, so that, though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some trouble in getting out.

The schoolroom stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill with a brook running close by and a birch tree growing at one end. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices might be heard on a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a bee-hive, interrupted now and then by the voice of the master in the tone of command, or by the sound of the birch. Truth to say, he believed in the golden saying, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel tyrants of the school who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he took the burden off the backs of the weak, and put it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double

portion on some little, tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty" by their parents; and he never inflicted a punishment without following it by the statement, so comforting to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it, and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and, on holiday afternoons, would accompany some of the smaller ones home who happened to have pretty sisters or good housewives for mothers noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed, he gained by keeping on good terms with his pupils. The pay arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely enough to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder; but to help out he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time; thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly goods tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too hard on the purses of these farmers, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a heavy burden and schoolmasters as mere idlers, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers oc-

casionally in the lighter labors of their farms ; helped to make hay ; mended the fences ; took the horses to water ; drove the cows from pasture, and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dignity with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and gracious. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers by petting the children, particularly the youngest ; and he would sit with a child on one knee and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other work he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in singing. It was a matter of pride to him on Sundays to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers, where in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation ; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by little makeshifts in that way which is commonly called "by hook and by crook," the worthy teacher got on well enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

WASHINGTON IRVING — Adapted

## 7. HOW HEARTS ARE MADE CLEAN

There was once a drop of muddy water, just as muddy as mud could be. The drop lay in the middle of one of the blackest puddles in the whole length of the road. Horses splashed through it, wheels stirred it up, and drivers complained about it, and the poor drop of water at last got thoroughly ashamed of itself.

"Oh, I wish I could get away from all this ugliness and meanness and dirt!" it cried.

"Well, why not?" asked the breeze, blowing over it.

"Why not? How could I?" answered the muddy drop.

"Ask the sun. He is strong and kind, and he will lift you out of the puddle."

"But the sun is far away, so far away, — millions and millions of miles."

"No; his rays are here, all about you. Can't you see them and feel them?"

"But the sun is great, and I am so little."

"Yes, the sun is great, but not too great, you see, to send a special ray of light to shine just on you, small drop as you are."

"But I am so black, and dirty, and ugly, down here in this mire; and the sun, I am sure, from his light, is pure and beautiful. I do not dare ask him."

"Never mind that. Just ask him, and see what will happen."

So the muddy drop asked the great, pure, beautiful sun to lift her up out of the disagreeable black mud-puddle, and the sun did it at once. Up, up, up, went the drop, drawn by the sun's kind heat, until she rested in a lovely cloud, floating across the sky, and the cloud let her down on a magnificent mountain. She fell into a spring, a perfect mossy pool, full of the purest water that ever was.

And then the drop began to fear that she would spoil this pure water, coming into it, and so she looked at herself. And lo! she found that when the sun drew her up into the cloud she had left all the mud and impurity behind.

A. R. WELLS

## THE FIRST STEP

[Before reading what follows, turn to page 30 and write down all the things you see in the picture. Then tell the story of the picture in your own words. Does the picture suggest anything, or teach a lesson?]

Most of us are familiar with some of the pictures painted by Jean François Millet. Two of the best-known are "The Angelus" and "The Gleaners." But of more interest to us at present is "The First Step." Let us examine this picture carefully.

In the foreground we see a garden patch bordered by a vine-covered fence. Just beyond are two trees



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# THE FIRST STEP

covered with foliage, and the doorway of a house. On top of the fence is some washing, spread out to dry in the sun.

There are three figures in the picture: a man, a woman, and a child. The man is bent on one knee, and his arms are stretched out toward the woman and child. On the ground at his right lies a spade, and at his left is a wheelbarrow full of potatoes. He wears working clothes and a broad-rimmed hat. The woman and the child stand just outside the gate. The woman, who has a close-fitting cap on her head, is reaching down to hold the child. The child has on a cap and long skirts. He is holding his arms out toward the man, and one small foot is thrust forward.

These are the things we actually see in the picture. But what is the story it tells?

We know from the name of the picture that the baby is just learning to walk. The mother has come out to the garden where her husband is working, and has brought the baby with her. She did not like to leave the baby alone in the house, and besides, she knows the father will be delighted to see him. Just as she reaches the gate a thought comes to her. Perhaps the baby will be able to walk. She calls gayly to the father, who at once drops his spade and starts toward the baby. But the mother stops him by saying, "Let's see if he will walk!" The father immediately sinks down on one knee and holds out his arms.



Can't you almost hear him say, "Come to daddy, baby?"

The mother puts the little fellow on the ground, but carefully holds him. What can the baby do? His father's voice is coaxing, "Come!" The little fellow wants to get into the arms that are held out to him, and so he puts forth his foot. He has taken his first step!

## 8. WATER

We are at all times surrounded by things of the greatest value. So common are they that we never stop for a moment to think of what they mean to us. Their value consists not in what they cost, for they generally cost nothing, but rather in what they do for us. What is cheaper than the air we breathe, the sunshine we enjoy, or the water we drink? While they are with us, they rarely receive a moment's thought. But when we are forced to do without them, we realize how much we need them all.

Among those things which we could least spare is plain, ordinary, everyday water. When we stop to think, we realize that water is a source of many pleasures. What sports are there which we enjoy more than the water sports, — swimming, boating, and fishing? Moreover, skating, sleigh-riding, and other joys of winter would be impossible were it not for the snow and ice, which are but water in other forms.

But water is not merely a source of pleasure ; it is necessary to life. What satisfaction we feel when a drink of water cools our parched throats ! When, on a hot day, we jump into the river, or take a dip in the ocean, or even take a bath at home, we are quite convinced that nothing else would feel just as good, or give us such relief. The use of water, both inside and outside the body, is very healthful. Doctors tell us to drink plenty of it, and "Bathe frequently" is an old motto. We should keep these two bits of advice in mind, and act upon them. Another way of obtaining water is through food. Water is used freely in baking and cooking, and there are some fruits and vegetables which are composed very largely of water.

Fortunately for us, although water is used in such great quantities, the earth's supply is constantly renewed by rain. The clouds which we see above us are but tiny drops of water floating in the air. They are being carried by the wind until they come down to earth again in the form of rain. After a rain storm most, if not all, of the water disappears into the ground. In certain parts of the world a great deal of the drinking water is obtained from wells. After a long, dry spell, the water in the wells is very low. But during a good rain the water sinks into the ground, and the wells are filled again.

There are many ways in which water is useful. Rain, and the melting snows upon the mountain sides

give us little streams which later unite and become rivers. As they flow toward the ocean, these rivers perform many good services. At one point, they turn mill wheels and help in the grinding of flour. At another point, they are so directed as to cause giant machines to work and turn out wonderful products. All along the course of the river, land is made more fertile, and from the source of the river to its mouth its rushing waters may help man in his work by carrying logs, rafts, and boats.

The largest bodies of water are called oceans, and we travel across them from one continent to another. As the hot sun shines upon the ocean a great amount of heat is taken in by the water. This heat is held by the water for a long time and little by little goes out over the land near by. The ocean contains quantities of fish, which are valuable as food.

When acted upon by extreme cold, water changes its form. But its usefulness is by no means ended. Ice makes possible the pleasures already mentioned, and in addition it is very necessary to keep some of our foodstuffs from being spoiled during the warm weather.

When great heat acts upon water, steam results. If we hold something cold, like a glass or a piece of metal, in front of the spout of a kettle of boiling water, we shall see the steam becoming water again. In this way we may prove for ourselves that steam is

only a form of water. We have seen and heard of steamboats and steam engines, and we know that steam makes them go. Did we ever hear that steam turns the big machines that produce the many things for which our country is famous? The uses of steam are so many that we can safely say that steam has had something to do with nearly every big manufactured product in the world.

We know now what is meant when we are told that water plays a great part in our lives. We cannot get along without it. It gives us health and it provides many pleasures. Steam, which is one form of water, helps us to travel, and nearly everything we have is made by its power in one way or another. Water has an influence upon climate, and makes fertile soil for our foodstuffs. Just think how fortunate we should consider ourselves that it can be obtained so easily.

#### FOUR-LEAF CLOVER

I know a place where the sun is like gold,  
And the cherry blossoms burst with snow,  
And down underneath is the loveliest nook  
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

One leaf is for hope, and one is for faith,  
And one is for love, you know,  
And God put another one in for luck, —  
If you search, you will find where they grow.

But you must have hope, and you must have faith,  
You must love and be strong — and so,  
If you work, if you wait, you will find the place  
Where the four-leaf clovers grow.

ELLA HIGGINSON

## THE NEVER-NEVER-NEVER-LAND

Far away in the Never-Never-Never-Land, the Lost Boys lived in the depths of the forest on the banks of a lake now covered with ice. The trees were bare without their summer dress, and wolves prowled and howled in the distance, and wild beasts snarled in the undergrowth. Dangerous Pirates sailed up and down the lake, and the Red Indians, who were friends of the boys, lived secretly in their wigwams hidden in the shadows of deep woods.

The Lost Boys were playing happily about, although they were beginning to be a little anxious that Peter was so long away. During Peter's absence, things were usually quiet in the Never-Never-Never-Land. The fairies take an hour longer in the morning, the beasts attend to their young, the Redskins feed heartily. But with the coming of Peter, who dislikes laziness, they are all under way again.

Slightly was tootling on a whistle, and dancing quite merrily with an ostrich for partner (a queer companion, you will say), when suddenly the gruff voices of the Pirates were heard. Nibs, who was very brave, slipped

away through the trees to scout, but the others had only just time to scuttle down the stairs in the hollow trees before the big ugly buccaneers came tramping up, hauling their captain, who was sitting in state upon a sledge.

You could not imagine a more dreadful looking villain than that Pirate Captain was. His name was James Hook, and it suited him perfectly. He had two evil-looking black eyes, his face was seamed with lines which clearly expressed his wicked thoughts, his hideous chin, all unshaven, was as black as ink and as prickly as a furze bush, his hair was long and black, and hung around his face in greasy curls.

He treated his men as dogs, and like dogs his men obeyed him. He was singing a horrible song, keeping time by swinging in the air the gruesome stump of his right arm, on which a double iron-pronged hook was fixed instead of a hand. Hence his name.

Hook was the wickedest pirate who ever lived! He simply wallowed in wickedness! Even his own crew dreaded him; and they were as bad as could be. So no wonder the Lost Boys darted like rabbits to their cave.

Now Captain Hook most of all wanted to find Peter Pan, for it was Peter who a long time before, in an encounter between the Pirates and the Lost Boys, had cut off his right arm and flung it to a passing crocodile. The crocodile had liked the taste of it so much that

ever since he had wandered from land to land and from sea to sea licking his lips for the rest of the Captain. In a way it was a sort of compliment, but Hook didn't care for that kind of compliment.

The Captain had naturally some reason for hating Peter, for he had a dreadful time eluding the voracious crocodile. The beast dogged his footsteps, and followed him on and on by land and sea wherever he went. The Captain only got a start when the crocodile was asleep, and with that and a swift ship, he had managed so far to escape. It was an awful life to live.

Fortunately for Hook, the crocodile had once swallowed an alarm clock (one of those patent ninety-nine years clocks, warranted to go any time, anywhere, and anyhow). Go it did, and it ticked so loudly that the Captain could always hear it coming. It was the signal for him to bolt! But Hook lived in terror for fear that the clock would some day run down. He knew that, if it should, the crocodile could creep up behind him and swallow him in one gulp before he had heard a sound.

Now Hook sat down on one of the enormous forest mushrooms (in the Never-Never-Never-Land mushrooms grow to a gigantic size) to deliberate about his mode of revenge. He was in the middle of a torrent of braggings and boastings when he felt his seat getting not only warm, but much too warm. There was little wonder in that, for when he furiously leaped up, he found that he had really been sitting on a chimney of

the underground home which Peter had so cleverly disguised.

Hook examined the mushroom and tried to pull it up. It came away at once in his hand, for it had no root. Stranger still, smoke began to ascend. He could hear, too, the sound of children's voices, for the Boys felt so safe in their hiding place that they were chattering gayly. Hook realized at once that the Lost Boys must be living in safety down below.

Very soon he had a wicked, treacherous plan settled. He determined to cook a huge, rich cake, with beautiful green icing and a poisoned filling. He was sure that the Lost Boys, who had no mother to look after them, would eat it greedily and die with awful pains inside. Smee, as the Captain's wily lieutenant was called, was overjoyed when he heard of this plan, and chuckled loudly.

[For the rest of this very interesting story, read "Peter Pan," by SIR JAMES M. BARRIE, published by Silver, Burdett & Company.]

## 9. THE HUMMING BIRD

Humming birds are found only in America and on the islands near it. They are of many kinds, but only one kind is ever seen in the eastern United States. This is known as the ruby-throated humming bird, because of a splendid red throat-patch worn by the male. To speak more exactly, the patch is red only



in some lights. You see it one instant as black as a coal, and the next instant it flashes like a coal on fire. This ornament — a real jewel — with the lovely shining green of the bird's back, makes him an object of great beauty.

Every one knows him, or would do so only that some people confuse him with bright-colored, long-tongued humming-bird moths that are seen hovering, mostly in the early evening, over the flowers of the garden.

The ruby-throat spends the winter south of the United States. He arrives in Florida in March, but does not reach New England till near the middle of May.

Many persons seem to imagine that the hummer lives on the wing. They have never seen one sitting still, they say. But the truth is that humming birds pass but a small part of the time in the air. They are so very small, however, that they are easily overlooked on a branch of a tree, and the average person never notices them except when the hum of their wings attracts his attention.

One of the prettiest sights in the world is a humming bird hovering before a blossom, his wings moving so fast as to make a mist about him, and his long needle of a bill entering the flower with quick, eager thrusts. All his movements are of lightning-like rapidity, and even while your eyes are on him he is gone like a flash, you cannot say whither.

The humming bird's nest is built on a branch of a tree and is not very hard to find after you have once seen one, and so have learned exactly what to look for. Generally it is placed well out toward the end of the limb. I have found it on pitch-pines in the woods, on roadside maples, and especially in apple and pear orchards. The mother bird is very apt to betray its whereabouts by buzzing about the head of any one who comes near it.

Last May, for example, I stopped in the middle of the road to listen for the voice of a house wren, when I caught instead the buzz and squeak of a hummer. Turning my gaze upward, I saw her fly to a half-built nest on a maple branch directly over my head.

The nest is a tiny thing, looking for size and shape like a cup out of a child's toy tea-set. Its walls are thick, and on the outside are covered — shingled, we may say — with bits of gray moss, which help to make the nest look like nothing more than a knot. Whether they are put on for that purpose, or by way of ornament, is more than I can tell.

The bird always lays two white eggs, about as large as peas. The young ones stay in the nest for three weeks, more or less, till they are fully grown and fledged, and perfectly well able to fly. I once saw one take his first flight, and a great venture it seemed. All these three weeks, and for another week afterward, the mother — no father is present — has her hands

full to supply the little things with food, which she gives them from her crop, thrusting her long, sharp bill clear down their throats in the process, in a way to make a looker-on shiver.

The only note I have ever heard from the ruby-throat is a squeak, which seems to be an expression of nervousness or annoyance. The mother bird utters this little squeak whenever an intruder — a man, a cat, or a strange bird — comes near the tree in which her treasures are hidden.

BRADFORD TORREY — Adapted

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## 10. ALICE, THE PIG BABY, AND THE CHESHIRE CAT

"Here! you may nurse it a bit, if you like!" said the Duchess to Alice, flinging the baby at her as she spoke. "I must go and get ready to play croquet with the Queen," and she hurried out of the room. The cook threw a frying-pan after her as she went, but it just missed her.

Alice caught the baby with some difficulty, as it was a queer-shaped little creature, and held out its arms and legs in all directions, — "just like a starfish," thought Alice. The poor little thing was snorting like a steam engine when she caught it, and kept doubling itself up and straightening itself out again;

so that altogether, for the first minute or two, it was as much as she could do to hold it.

As soon as she had made out the proper way of nursing it (which was to twist it up into a sort of knot, and then keep tight hold of its right ear and left foot, so as to prevent its undoing itself), she carried it out into the open air. "If I don't take this child away with me," thought Alice, "they're sure to kill it in a day or two. Wouldn't it be murder to leave it behind?" She said the last words out loud, and the little thing grunted in reply. "Don't grunt," said Alice; "that's not at all the proper way of expressing yourself."

The baby grunted again, and Alice looked very anxiously into its face to see what was the matter with it. There could be no doubt that it had a *very* turn-up nose, much more like a snout than a real nose. Also its eyes were getting extremely small for a baby. Altogether, Alice did not like the look of the thing at all. "But perhaps it was only sobbing," she thought, and looked into its eyes again to see if there were any tears.

No, there were no tears. "If you're going to turn into a pig, my dear," said Alice, seriously, "I'll have nothing more to do with you. Mind now!" The poor little thing sobbed again (or grunted, it was impossible to say which), and they went on for some while in silence.

Alice was just beginning to think to herself, "Now,

what am I to do with this creature when I get it home?" when it grunted again, so violently that she looked down into its face in some alarm. This time there could be *no* mistake about it. It was neither more nor less than a pig, and she felt that it would be quite absurd for her to carry it any further.

So she set the little creature down, and felt quite relieved to see it trot away quietly into the wood. "If it had grown up," she said to herself, "it would have been a dreadfully ugly child, but it makes rather a handsome pig, I think." And she began thinking over other children she knew who might do very well as pigs. She was just saying to herself, "If one only knew the right way to change them — " when she was a little startled by seeing the Cheshire Cat sitting on a bough of a tree a few yards off.

The Cat only grinned when it saw Alice. It looked good-natured, she thought: still it had *very* long claws and a great many teeth, so she felt it ought to be treated with respect.

"Cheshire Puss," she began, — rather timidly, as she did not at all know whether it would like the name. However, it only grinned a little wider. "Come, it's pleased so far," thought Alice, and she went on: "Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to walk from here?"

"That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the Cat.

"I don't much care where — " said Alice.

"Then it doesn't matter which way you walk," said the Cat.

"— so long as I get *somewhere*," added Alice as an explanation.

"Oh, you're sure to do that," said the Cat, "if you only walk long enough."

Alice felt that this could not be denied, so she tried another question. "What sort of people live about here?"

"In *that* direction," the Cat said, waving its right paw round, "lives a Hatter; and in *that* direction," waving the other paw, "lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they're both mad."

"But I don't want to go among mad people," Alice remarked.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat: "we are all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

Alice didn't think that proved it at all; however, she went on, "And how do you know that you're mad?"

"To begin with," said the Cat, "a dog's not mad. You grant that?"

"I suppose so," said Alice.

"Well, then," the Cat went on, "you see a dog growls

when it's angry, and wags its tail when it's pleased. Now *I* growl when I'm pleased, and wag my tail when I'm angry. Therefore I'm mad."

"I call it purring, not growling," said Alice.

"Call it what you like," said the Cat. "Do you play croquet with the Queen to-day?"

"I should like it very much," said Alice, "but I haven't been invited yet."

"You'll see me there," said the Cat, and vanished.

Alice was not much surprised at this, she was getting so well used to queer things happening. While she was still looking at the place where it had been, it suddenly appeared again.

"By the bye, what became of the baby?" said the Cat. "I'd nearly forgotten to ask."

"It turned into a pig," Alice answered very quietly, just as if the Cat had come back in a natural way.

"I thought it would," said the Cat, and vanished again.

Alice waited a little, half expecting to see it again, but it did not appear, and after a minute or two she walked on in the direction in which the March Hare was said to live. "I've seen hatters before," she said to herself. "The March Hare will be much the most interesting, and perhaps as this is May it won't be raving mad — at least not so mad as it was in March." As she said this, she looked up, and there was the Cat again, sitting on a branch of a tree.

“Did you say pig, or fig?” said the Cat.

“I said pig,” replied Alice; “and I wish you wouldn’t keep appearing and vanishing so suddenly; you make one quite giddy.”

“All right,” said the Cat; and this time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of the tail and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone.

“Well! I’ve often seen a cat without a grin,” thought Alice; “but a grin without a cat! — it’s the most curious thing I ever saw in all my life!”

LEWIS CARROLL

### “CAN’T YOU TALK?”

[Before reading what follows, write down all the things you see in the picture on the following page. Then tell the story of the picture in your own words. Does the picture suggest anything, or teach a lesson?]

Many pictures of children and their pets have been painted by famous artists. This one, entitled “Can’t You Talk?” is the work of G. A. Holmes, an English artist.

A baby and a large dog are the principal figures in the picture. The baby is creeping along on hands and knees, and her head is turned so that she can look at her friend, the dog. Her light hair is short and curly. She is very lightly clad and has neither shoes nor stockings on.





Holmes

"CAN'T YOU TALK?"

The dog is large, with long, shaggy hair and a bushy tail. He looks very much like a collie. He is sitting on his haunches and looking intently at the baby.

Behind these two figures is an open doorway, from which a striped kitten looks out with curiosity. Large stone slabs cover the space in front of the door. At the right side of the picture, behind the dog, an overturned basket lies upon a stand, and beside the basket a head of cabbage.

The presence of the pet dog and kitten shows that this is probably a country home or one on the outskirts of the city, for it is unlikely that both pets would be kept if the home were a city dwelling. The stone slabs are evidently the paving of the back yard, and the room beyond is the kitchen. The short shadows tell us that it must be near noon, and from the way the baby is dressed, we gather it must be a warm summer day. Since the stones upon which the baby is creeping are in the sunlight, the chill has probably been taken from them.

This picture tells us a story of the friendship between the baby and the pet watchdog. Doesn't it seem to say that baby had been put to bed, for see how she is dressed and how rumpled her hair is? Very likely, after Mother went out of the room, the baby began to feel lonesome and wanted companionship. So she tumbled out of bed, made her way across the room, and crawled out into the yard to her friend, the big watch-

dog of the house. By the way his eyes watch the child, we can see that he is guarding her well.

She has crept close to him, prattling all the while. The wondering look in her eyes shows that she is curious about something and wishes to ask her pet a question. What a fitting title the artist has given to the picture! For what is more likely than that baby should ask, "Can't you talk?" when greeted only by silence from her pet?

The little kitten, an interested spectator, pauses in the doorway and views the whole scene. She, too, is curious to know the answer to baby's question.

## II. THE BOY WHO HATED TREES

"Good night, Dick. Remember, now, to wake up with the robins, so that you may be ready to help me set out our new trees."

"Good night," answered Dick in a sulky tone, for Dick was cross.

"Trees, trees, trees!" he mumbled to himself as he began to undress. "I'm so sick of hearing about trees. Miss Morrell has talked 'trees' for a week at school, and now father has bought some old twigs to set out tomorrow, and I want to go fishing.

"I wish I lived in a land where there were no trees. We could get along well enough without them." And with this thought he jumped into bed.

Dick had been asleep perhaps an hour or more, when he heard a queer rustling noise, and then a voice called out, "Here he is — the boy who hates trees!"

There was the strangest procession coming toward him. It was made up of trees of all kinds. The Pine and the Elm came first; the Maple and the Oak followed. The Maple's leaves were flushed scarlet, she was so excited. The Willow was weeping, and the Poplar was trembling all over.

Next came all the fruit trees, led by the Cherry, while the Walnut, the White Birch, and the Palm were behind.

What did it all mean? Dick was frightened for a moment. It seemed as if every tree of which he had ever heard was there, and he wondered how the room could hold them all.

When they had all grown quiet, the Pine said: "Dear brothers and sisters, here is a boy who hates trees; he cannot see that we are of any use. It is more than I can stand, and I have called this meeting to see what can be done about it. Has any one anything to say?"

The Cherry looked very sour. "I cannot see that boys are of any use," she said. "Many years ago, when cherry trees were scarce in this country, a boy named George cut down my great-grandfather just to try his new hatchet."

"And boys know so little," said the White Birch;

"they are always hacking me with knives and taking off my coat, no matter how cold the weather is.

"I loved a boy once, but it was many years ago. He was a little Indian boy. He loved trees. I remember how he stood beside me one warm day and said :

" 'Give me of your bark, O Birch Tree!

For the summer time is coming,

And the sun is warm in heaven,

And you need no white skin wrapper.' "

"Then he took off my bark so carefully that he did not hurt me a bit. But he is not living now. This boy is not like him."

"I don't like boys, either," spoke up the Apple. "One day a boy climbed up into my branches and broke off one of my limbs. He was a very silly boy, for he wanted green apples. Had my fruit been ripe, I would have tossed one down to him. How happy we should be if it were not for boys!"

The Maple was very angry. "This boy said we were of no use, but it was only this morning that I heard him tease his grandmother for a cake of my sugar."

"He ate it as if he liked it, too," said the Palm. "I saw him; he was fanning himself with one of my leaves."

The Willow wiped her eyes. "Boys, boys, boys!" she said; "I'm so sick of boys! This same boy made

a whistle out of one of my children this very night, when he went for the cows."

Then a queer tree in a corner spoke in a thick voice. "We are of no use, are we? If it were not for me, where would he get the tires for his bicycle? There are his rubber boots, too. Why, he uses me every day about something. But I've thought of a plan."

The trees crowded around him, talking together excitedly.

"But how shall we do it?" Dick heard them say.

"Oh," said the Elm, "the Wind will help us. He is our friend."

Before Dick could cry out, he found himself being carried away by the Wind.

"Where am I going?" he called.

"To the land of no trees," they answered; and they bowed, and even the Willow held up her head long enough to call, "Good-by! Good-by!" And then home and trees were left far behind.

How fast the Wind traveled! On and on they rushed, until suddenly the Wind dropped him and went whistling away.

Dick felt really frightened when he found himself all alone.

"Oh, I'm so hot!" he exclaimed. "I wonder where I am."

Certainly he had never before been in such a place. There were no trees nor green grass anywhere in

sight. As far as he could see, there was only sand — white sand, that was very hot and scorching.

"It seems to me I've seen pictures in my geography like this," he said to himself. "It must be a desert. Oh, I was never so hot before. I can't stay here. What shall I do?"

All at once he noticed a tiny speck far away in the distance. Now it looked larger. He brushed away something that looked very much like a tear, though he told himself that it was only because he was so warm.

Yes, that speck surely moved, and was coming nearer. What if it were a bear!

"There is no tree to climb, and I cannot run — I am so tired, and it is very hot."

Nearer and nearer it came, moving slowly. Dick watched it with a beating heart. At last he saw that it was not a single animal, but a great many in line.

"Oh, they are camels!" he cried. "Yes, I know they are. Once at a circus I saw some that looked just like them — but what queer looking men are on them!"

They were now very near him, and one of the men beckoned with his hand and said something.

"I can't understand him," said Dick to himself, "but I suppose he means he'll give me a ride."

The man helped him up and they journeyed on. After a time Dick grew very tired even of riding.

"The camel joggles me so," he said, "and I am so thirsty I shall die. If they would only stop a minute!"

What was the matter? What were they saying? Each man was bowing himself toward the ground and waving his hand.

"I don't see what they are making all that fuss about. I can't see anything, the sun hurts my eyes so." And Dick covered his eyes with his hand.

Suddenly there was a shout, and the camels stood still. Dick lifted his head. Could he believe his eyes? Right before him was a spot of green grass, a spring of cool water, and one of those things he hated — a tree.

Hate a tree? He thought that he had never seen anything so beautiful in all his life.

He fairly tumbled off the camel in his haste to reach it. The tears ran down his face as he threw his arms around its trunk.

"Dear tree!" he cried.

"Dick, Dick, are you going to help me plant the new trees?" called his father.

Opening his eyes, Dick found himself in his own little room, both hands clasping his pillow.

Dick was soon dressed and downstairs, and so anxious was he to plant trees that he could hardly eat his breakfast.

A week later Miss Morrell said to one of the other teachers: "I think the trees that we planted on Arbor



Day will grow if good care has anything to do with it.  
Dick Hawkins seems to have taken charge of them all."

In just one night he had learned to see  
The wonderful beauty there is in a tree.

ALICE L. BECKWITH

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## A CHANCE

"Give me a chance," an acorn said,  
"And I'll grow to a mighty tree,  
And then, perchance, on a summer's day,  
In my shadow I'll shelter thee."

"Give me a chance," said the rose-bush small,  
"And I'll bloom with a beauty rare,  
And out of my heart in its gratitude  
For you I will scent the air."

"Give me a chance," said a bobolink,  
"And I'll sing you a merry song,  
That will throb in your heart like a bit of heaven  
Throughout your whole life long."

## THE ARRIVAL AT THE CASTLE

It was late in the afternoon when the carriage containing little Lord Fauntleroy and Mr. Havisham drove up the long avenue which led to the castle. The Earl had given orders that his grandson should arrive in time to dine with him ; and for some reason best known to himself, he had also ordered that the child should be sent alone into the room in which he intended to receive him. As the carriage rolled up the avenue, Lord Fauntleroy sat leaning comfortably against the luxurious cushions, and regarded the prospect with great interest. He had been interested in the carriage, with its large, splendid horses and their glittering harness ; he had been interested in the tall coachman and footman, with their resplendent livery ; and he had been especially interested in the coronet on the panels, and had struck up an acquaintance with the footman for the purpose of inquiring what it meant.

When the carriage reached the great gates of the park, he looked out of the window to get a good view of the huge stone lions ornamenting the entrance. The gates were opened by a motherly, rosy-looking woman, who came out of a pretty, ivy-covered lodge. Two children ran out of the door of the house and stood looking with round, wide-open eyes at the little boy in the carriage, who looked at them also. Their mother stood courtesying and smiling, and the children, on receiving a sign from her, made bobbing courtesies too.

"Does she know me?" asked Lord Fauntleroy. "I think she must think she knows me." And he took off his black velvet cap to her and smiled.

"How do you do?" he said brightly. "Good afternoon!"

The woman seemed pleased, he thought. The smile broadened on her rosy face and a kind look came into her blue eyes.

"God bless your lordship!" she said. "God bless your pretty face! Good luck and happiness to your lordship! Welcome to you!"

Lord Fauntleroy waved his cap, and nodded to her again as the carriage rolled by her.

"I like that woman," he said. "She looks as if she liked boys. I should like to come here and play with her children. I wonder if she has enough to make up a company?"

Mr. Havisham did not tell him that he would scarcely be allowed to make playmates of the gate-keeper's children. The lawyer thought there was time enough for giving that information.

"It's a beautiful place. Isn't it?" he said to Mr. Havisham. "I never saw such a beautiful place. It's prettier even than Central Park."

He was rather puzzled by the length of time they were on their way.

"How far is it," he said, at length, "from the gate to the front door?"

"It is between three and four miles," answered the lawyer.

"That's a long way for a person to live from his gate," remarked his lordship.

Every few minutes he saw something new to wonder at and admire. When he caught sight of the deer, some crouched in the grass, some standing with their pretty antlered heads turned with a half-startled air toward the avenue as the carriage wheels disturbed them, he was enchanted.

"Has there been a circus?" he cried; "or do they live here always?"

"They live here," Mr. Havisham told him. "They belong to the Earl, your grandfather."

It was not long after this that they saw the castle. It rose up before them stately and beautiful and gray, the last rays of the sun casting dazzling lights on its many windows. It had turrets and battlements and towers; a great deal of ivy grew upon its walls; all the broad, open space about it was laid out in terraces and lawns and beds of brilliant flowers.

"It's the most beautiful place I ever saw!" said Cedric, his round face flushing with pleasure. "It reminds any one of a king's palace. I saw a picture of one once in a fairy-book."

He saw the great entrance door thrown open and many servants standing in two lines looking at him.

A few minutes later, the very tall footman in livery,

who had escorted Cedric to the library door, opened it and announced: "Lord Fauntleroy, my lord," in quite a majestic tone. If he was only a footman, he felt it was rather a grand occasion when the heir came home to his own land and possessions, and was ushered into the presence of the old Earl, whose place and title he was to take.

Cedric crossed the threshold into the room. It was a very large and splendid room, with massive carved furniture in it and shelves of books; the furniture was so dark, and the draperies so heavy, the diamond-paned windows were so deep, and it seemed such a distance from one end of it to the other, that, since the sun had gone down, the effect of it all was rather gloomy. For a moment Cedric thought there was nobody in the room, but soon he saw that by the fire there was a large easy chair and that in that chair some one was sitting, some one who did not at first turn to look at him.

But he had attracted attention in one quarter at least. On the floor, by the arm chair, lay a dog, a huge tawny mastiff, with body and limbs almost as big as a lion's; and this great creature rose slowly, and marched toward the little fellow with a heavy step.

[For the rest of this interesting story, read "Little Lord Fauntleroy," by FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT, published by Charles Scribner's Sons; copyright, 1886, 1897, 1911, by Charles Scribner's Sons; 1913 by Frances Hodgson Burnett.]

## 12. ROAST PIG

Mankind, says a Chinese writing, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day.

The story goes on to say that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following: The swineherd, Ho-ti, went out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect food for his hogs. He left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great clumsy boy, who, being fond of playing with fire, as boys of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw. The straw, kindling quickly, spread the fire over every part of their poor house till it was reduced to ashes.

Together with the cottage, what was of much more importance, a fine litter of newborn pigs, not less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been regarded a luxury all over the East, from the earliest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was dismayed, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches and the labor of an hour or two at any time, as for the loss of the pigs.

While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking

remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor reached his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it come from? Not from the burnt cottage, — he had smelt that smell before. Indeed, this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the carelessness of this unlucky young firebrand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed, or flower.

A moistening at the same time overflowed his lower lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, to see if there were any signs of life in it. He burnt his fingers, and to cool them he put them, in his booby fashion, to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted — crackling!

Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now; still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding, that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious. Giving himself up to the newborn pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his father entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with a club. Finding how affairs stood, he began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoul-

ders, as thick as hailstones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig till he had fairly made an end of it. Then, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue followed.

"You graceless rascal, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burnt me down three houses with your tricks, but you must be eating fire, and I know not what. What have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! Do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should have a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly tearing it in two, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste."

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the dreadful thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorched his fingers, as it had done his son's. Applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the tale



here is a little tiresome), both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had finished all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly ordered not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless, strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burnt down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night time. As often as there were baby pigs, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself was the more remarkable. Instead of punishing his son, he seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever.

At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Peking, then a small-sized town. Evidence was given, the objectionable food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig might be handed into the box. It was handed in, and they all handled it. And burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each the same remedy, — to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present, they brought in a verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went secretly and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of building would in no long time be lost to the world.

Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says the story, a wise man arose, who made a discovery that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (burnt, as they called it) without burning a whole house. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later; I forget in whose reign.

By such slow degrees do the most useful arts make their way among mankind.

CHARLES LAMB — Adapted

### 13. THE PINE AND THE FLAX

Just where the forest ended grew a pine tree, taller and more beautiful than all the others in the forest. Its crest could be seen from far away, and its feathery branches waved gracefully when the wind blew across the plain.

At the foot of the pine tree broad fields began. Here the farmer sowed seed of many kinds, but flax was sowed nearest the pine. It came up beautiful and even, and the pine thought a great deal of the slender green stalks. The field of flax grew higher and higher, and, near the close of summer, bore countless little blue blossoms.

"Thou art so beautiful!" said the tall pine.

The flax bowed itself low toward the ground, but raised itself again so gracefully that it looked like a billowy little sea, with rising and falling waves.

The flax and the pine often talked to each other, and became such great friends that they promised to keep each other company always.

"What kind of folly is that?" said the other forest trees to the pine. "Do not have anything to do with the flax! It is hardly an ell high, and is so weak and feeble! If you must have a friend, choose the tall spruce over there, or the birch tree yonder on the hill. They are tall and strong, and fit for you."

But the pine would not desert the flax, and did not listen to what its forest comrades said.

The thistle, the burdock, and other small plants near there talked to the flax.

"Are you crazy to think of the lofty pine?" said they. "Do you think it troubles itself about you? It is tall and proud, and the favorite of all the forest trees. What can you do for each other? Children

of a size play best together. Turn your attention to the juniper bush or the raspberry vine, and content yourself with one of us."

"I shall trust the pine tree," replied the flax, "for it looks honorable and faithful, and I am very fond of it." So the pine and the flax did not desert each other, whatever was said by others.

But time passed on. The flax was pulled up, and ropes and cloth were made from it. The pine was felled, the branches chopped off, and it was carried to the city. Still they did not forget each other, although neither knew where the other was.

In the city to which the pine was taken, lay a large and beautiful ship, lately launched upon the water. On this the pine was erected as a mast, and from its top waved a flag. But the mast, proud as it was, could not carry the ship forward.

Then there came a great white cloth that was the sail. It went up after the mast, wrapped itself around it, spread itself out like a giant wing, and caught the wind on its wide curve.

The sail was woven of linen, made from the flax that grew out in the field on the edge of the wood; and the friends who had been so dear to each other now clasped each other faithfully. Out over the blue waves and the foaming billows they went, to new, beautiful lands and unknown places. It was life, it was pleasure, to go on together, side by side.

The wind, who travels with messages around the world, flew to the forest, to the thistle, and the burdock, and told them that the pine and the flax, now united, were traveling over the ocean.

"Who would have believed it?" whispered the forest trees.

"Who could have believed it?" said the burdock and its comrades.

But the pine and the flax believed it. They believed in each other.

ALBREKT SEGERSTEDT

## THE HELPING HAND

[Before reading what follows, write down all the things you see in the picture on the opposite page. Then tell the story of the picture in your own words. Does the picture suggest anything, or teach a lesson?]

No matter how much we admire copies of pictures, there is always a great deal more satisfaction in seeing the original painting. So, if ever you go to Washington, be sure to visit the Corcoran Art Gallery and see "The Helping Hand." The picture was painted by Renouf, a French artist. It may not be so important as visiting the Capitol or the White House, but it will give you pleasure that you will long remember.

The picture shows the prow of a large, open boat, in which a man and a little girl are sitting. Both of them are pulling on a large oar. The little girl has on a



Baron

### THE HELPING HAND

checked dress and an apron with bulging pockets. Around her neck is a large white handkerchief, which is crossed in front. Her hair is confined by a tight-fitting cap, which ties under her chin.

The man sitting on the seat beside the child is watching her with an amused interest. On his head is a broad-brimmed oilskin hat such as fishermen often wear. In his mouth is a pipe. His hands are placed very near together at the end of the oar. One knee is raised, his foot resting on the seat in front. Both he and the little girl wear wooden shoes.

Behind the child is a large net, the handle of which extends under the seat. In the middle of the boat lies a large pole loosely wound with rope, and a heap of canvas. These are probably the mast and sail, which can be raised when the wind is favorable, turning the rowboat into a sailboat.

Directly in the path of the boat is a large stone. Tiny sailboats are seen in the distance. It is a clear day, for the straight sky line can easily be traced.

You can readily see, from the presence of the net in the boat and from the general appearance of the man, that he is a fisherman. Evidently, he owns the boat and has started out with his little daughter for a day's fishing. He has no fear of the water; he is smiling happily, and contentedly smoking his pipe. Very likely he is amused at the little one's help. Her hands are not strong enough to move the oar. The father is

doing the real work, but he is letting her think she is rowing the boat. The expression on her face shows how earnest she is in her desire to help. It may be her first trip in her father's boat. Perhaps he has named the boat for her.

When they get far enough out to sea, the fisherman will lower the net. How pleased the little girl will be when she sees the number of fish caught. Can't you see her holding on to the net and pulling very hard to help haul in the catch?

It must be a calm sea or else they are going against the wind, for the sail has not been hoisted. When they come back and are being carried in the direction of the wind, the boat will go more quickly. Then, instead of helping to row, the little girl will watch the sky and the clouds and the flying seagulls. And by and by, when she can see her own home among the fishermen's houses on the shore, she will clap her hands with joy. Wouldn't you be happy if you were in a boat named for you, skimming over the water with sails set, and with a fine catch of fish in the bottom of the boat?

#### 14. THE WRITING PEN

One of the most interesting figures in the early settlement of Virginia is Captain John Smith, a man whose life reads like a story book, it was so full of dangerous and thrilling adventures. It was the courage



and enterprise of this one man that saved the Virginia colony over and over again.

One day, while he was away exploring in the woods, he wrote a note on a piece of paper and sent it by an Indian messenger to the little English settlement at Jamestown. The Indian, much interested, watched Captain Smith write the letter, but of course he could not read a word of it. When the messenger arrived at Jamestown, he was dumfounded to find that the Englishman to whom he delivered the letter understood exactly what Captain Smith wanted done. When the Indian returned to his tribe, he told the other Indians that Smith must be a man with strange powers, for he was able to "make the paper talk."

To this Indian, seeing handwriting for the first time, it seemed a wonderful thing. So indeed it is. There was a time, long, long ago, when no one knew how to write. But by and by men began to feel the need of some sort of written message for others to read. And how do you suppose they managed this crude writing? By scratching marks or pictures with a sharp, hard stone upon a softer stone. After using this method for some time, men began shaping the stone with which they did the marking, till it looked something like a stone chisel with a sharp point. This was called a stylus. This stone stylus was the first writing pen. It was improved upon by the invention of the metal stylus, which had the twofold advantage of being

usable for marking on waxed surfaces and for carving upon tablets and monuments. Many monuments with these carvings are still in existence in Egypt and elsewhere.

Among the Chinese there developed very early a method of writing with a brush dipped into a colored fluid something like our ink. The first writing paper was a piece of the bark of a tree. The Egyptians also made a kind of paint or ink from a vegetable gum mixed with water and colored by soot scraped from the blackened pots which hung over the fires. For pens they used pointed reeds, and a very satisfactory sort of paper was made by splitting into thin strips a kind of river reed called *papyrus*. Our word *paper* comes from this Egyptian word *papyrus*. As the quality of paper improved, many people found the brush unsatisfactory, although the Chinese still use it.

The next big step was the discovery that a goose quill could be made into a really good pen, — one which would slide easily over the paper, and with which the writer could work quickly. The quill pen was so satisfactory that it was in use for over a thousand years. Many of the greatest works in our language, and in other languages as well, were written with these pens. Making quill pens became quite an art, and some people gave all their time to that work, so as to acquire the skill necessary to make good ones. Quill pens, however, were easily injured, and after being

used but a short time, they became unfit for fine work and had to be thrown away.

Almost a century and a half ago a man found a way to make a steel pen. From this start the step to the fine pens we have to-day was but a short one. Our pen points now are separate from the holder so that, if one is broken, another can be used without changing the holder. Pen points, or nibs, are now made by the million and are so cheap that they are within the reach of even the poorest people.

It is not always easy or possible to have pen and ink handy when needed, and to overcome this difficulty the fountain pen was invented. In this device enough ink is carried in the body of the penholder to last for some time. When the ink is all used up, more can be put in without difficulty. The pen point, which is made of gold, is covered with a cap to protect it from injury. The whole fountain pen is of such a convenient size that it can be carried in the vest pocket or in a small handbag.

Some one has said that "the pen is mightier than the sword." By this is meant that things written with the pen have done more to influence the world than all the swords which have been drawn in battle. Most of the beautiful books which you have read are the product of the pen. All of our laws have been signed by the pen, and all agreements between countries are so signed. Sometimes people think so much of a

law that they keep the pen with which it was signed.  
Can you find out the name of some very important  
paper in the history of our country which several people  
signed with a pen?

### A SUMMER DAY

This is the way the morning dawns :

Rosy tints on flowers and trees,  
Winds that wake the birds and bees,  
Dewdrops on the fields and lawns, —  
This is the way the morning dawns.

This is the way the sun comes up :

Gold on brooks and glossy leaves,  
Mist that melts above the sheaves,  
Vine, and rose, and buttercup, —  
This is the way the sun comes up.

This is the way the rain comes down :

Tinkle, tinkle, drop by drop,  
Over roof and chimney top ;  
Boughs that bend and skies that frown, —  
This is the way the rain comes down.

This is the way the river flows :

Here a whirl and there a dance ;  
Slowly now, then like a lance,  
Swiftly to the sea it goes, —  
This is the way the river flows.

This is the way the birdie sings :

“Baby birdies in the nest,

You I surely love the best ;

Over you I fold my wings” —

This is the way the birdie sings.

This is the way the daylight dies :

Cows are lowing in the lane,

Fireflies wink on hill and plain ;

Yellow, red, and purple skies, —

This is the way the daylight dies.

GEORGE COOPER

## THE KING OF CURRUPAW

Currumpaw is a vast cattle range in northern New Mexico. It is a land of rich pastures full of flocks and herds, a land of rolling hills and precious running waters that at length unite in the Currumpaw River, from which the whole region is named. The king whose power was felt over this entire extent was an old gray wolf.

Old Lobo, or the King, as the Mexicans called him, was the gigantic leader of a remarkable pack of gray wolves that had troubled the Currumpaw Valley for a number of years. All the shepherds and ranchmen knew him well. Wherever he appeared with his trusty band, terror reigned supreme among the cattle, and wrath and despair among their owners. Old Lobo

was a giant among wolves and was cunning and strong in proportion to his size. His voice at night was well known and easily distinguished from that of any of his fellows. An ordinary wolf might howl half the night about the herdsmen's camp without attracting more than a passing notice. But when the deep roar of the old King came booming down the cañon, the watcher bestirred himself and prepared to learn in the morning that fresh and serious inroads had been made among the herds.

Old Lobo's band was but a small one. This I never quite understood, for usually when a wolf rises to the position and power that he had, he attracts a numerous following. It may be that he had as many as he desired, or perhaps his fierce temper prevented the increase of his pack. Certain is it that Lobo had only five followers during the latter part of his reign. Each of these, however, was a wolf of renown. Most of them were above the ordinary size. One in particular, the second in command, was a giant, but even he was far below the leader in size. Several of the band, besides the two leaders, were especially noted. One of these was a beautiful white wolf that the Mexicans called Blanca. Another was a yellow wolf of remarkable quickness, which, according to current stories, had on several occasions captured an antelope for the pack.

It will be seen, then, that these wolves were thoroughly well known to the cowboys and shepherds.

They were frequently seen and oftener heard, and their lives were intimately associated with those of the cattlemen, who would so gladly have destroyed them. There was not a stockman of the Currumpaw who would not readily have given the value of many steers for the scalp of any one of Lobo's band. They seemed, however, to possess charmed lives. They scorned all hunters, mocked at all persons, and continued for at least five years to seize from the Currumpaw ranches, so many said, a cow each day. According to this estimate, therefore, the band had killed more than two thousand of the finest stock.

The old idea that a wolf was constantly in a starving state, and therefore ready to eat anything, was as far as possible from the truth in this case, for these robbers were always sleek and well fed and were, in fact, most careful about what they ate. Any animal that had died from natural causes, or that was diseased or tainted, they would not touch. They even refused anything that had been killed by the stockmen. Their choice and daily food was the tender heart of a freshly killed yearling heifer. An old cow or bull they scorned, and though they occasionally took a young calf or colt, it was quite clear that veal or horseflesh was not their favorite diet. It was also known that they were not fond of mutton, although they often amused themselves by killing sheep. One night, Blanca and the yellow wolf killed two hundred and fifty sheep, appar-

ently for the fun of it, and did not eat an ounce of their flesh.

It became quite clear to me that, in this rough country, it was useless to think of hunting Lobo with hounds and horses, so that poison or traps were the only available methods. At present we had no traps large enough, so I set to work with poison.

I need not enter into the details of a hundred devices that I employed. There was no combination that I did not try. There was no manner of flesh that I did not use as a bait; but morning after morning, as I rode forth to learn the result, I found that all my efforts had been useless. The old King was too cunning for me.

A single instance will show his wonderful shrewdness. Acting on a hint of an old trapper, I melted some cheese together with the kidney fat of a freshly killed heifer, stewing it in a china dish, and cutting it with a bone knife to avoid the taint of metal. When the mixture was cool, I cut it into lumps, and making a hole in one side of each lump, I inserted a large dose of poison, contained in a capsule. Finally, I sealed the hole up with pieces of the cheese itself. During the whole process, I wore a pair of gloves steeped in the hot blood of the heifer, and even avoided breathing on the baits. When all was ready, I put them in a rawhide bag, rubbed all over with blood, and rode forth dragging the liver and kidneys of the beef at the



end of a rope. With this I made a ten-mile circuit, dropping a bait at each quarter of a mile, and taking the utmost care, always, not to touch any with my hands.

Lobo generally came into this section of the ranch in the early part of each week, and passed the latter part, it was supposed, around the base of the mountain. This was Monday, and that same evening, as we were about to retire, I heard the deep bass howl of his majesty. On hearing it one of the boys briefly remarked, "There he is. We'll see."

The next morning I went forth eager to know the result. I soon came on the fresh trail of the robbers, with Lobo in the lead. His track was always easily distinguished. An ordinary wolf's forefoot is four and a half inches long, that of a large wolf, four and three quarters inches. But Lobo's, as measured a number of times, was five and a half inches from claw to heel. I afterward found that his other proportions were equally large, for he stood three feet high at the shoulder and weighed one hundred fifty pounds. His trail, therefore, though covered by those of his followers, was never difficult to trace. The pack had soon found the track of my drag, and as usual followed it. I could see that Lobo had come to the first bait, sniffed about it, and had finally picked it up.

Then I could not conceal my delight. "I have got him at last," I exclaimed; "I shall find him dead

within a mile." I galloped on with eager eyes fixed on the great broad track in the dust. It led me to the second bait and that also was gone. How I exulted — I surely have him now and perhaps several of his band. But there was a broad paw-mark still on the drag; and though I stood in the stirrup and scanned the plain, I saw nothing that looked like a dead wolf. Again I followed — to find now that the third bait was gone, and the King wolf's track led on to the fourth.

[For the rest of this interesting story, read "Lobo, Rag and Vixen," by ERNEST THOMPSON SETON, published by Charles Scribner's Sons; copyright, 1899, by Charles Scribner's Sons.]

## 15. CHRISTMAS AT THE CRATCHITS'

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence. She laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (his father's private property) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly dressed.

And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose and known it for their own. They danced about the table and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies; while he (not proud, al-

though his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire until the slow potatoes, bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father, then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim? And Martha wasn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour!"

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's such a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless you alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away things this morning."

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit down before the fire, my dear, and get warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha! Hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter hanging down before him, and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden falling of his high spirits, for he had been Tim's horse all the way from church. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke. So she came out from behind the closet door and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits bore Tiny Tim off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember upon Christmas Day Who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty. His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister, to his stool before the fire. Master Peter

and the two young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned.

Such bustling followed that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds; a feathered wonder, to which a black swan was a matter of course — and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs. Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with surprising force; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates. Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table. The two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped.

At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast. But when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all round the board. Even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife and feebly cried, "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the sub-

jects of every one's admiration. Helped out by the apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family. Indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (looking at one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't eaten it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back yard and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose — a supposition at which the two young Cratchits turned pale! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry-cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered flushed, but smiling proudly — with the pudding, decorated with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success of Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind, she would

confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all gone, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. Apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovel full of chestnuts on the fire. Then the Cratchit family drew round the hearth in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one. The chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed: "A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!" which all the family reëchoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

CHARLES DICKENS — Adapted

## 16. JAPAN—A FAIRYLAND OF FLOWERS

So very fond of flowers are the Japanese that they reckon the year by a flower calendar. January is the pine month; February, the plum month; March, the peach; April, the cherry; May, the wistaria; June, the iris; July, the morning glory; August, the

lotus; September, the seven grasses; October, the chrysanthemum; November, the maple; December, the camellia.

Flowers bloom everywhere in Japan that it is possible for them to grow, and in some sections for nearly all the year. If a Japanese has no earth space in which to plant flowers, he will have pots and jars and even shallow dishes in which to grow them. Some of these tiny gardens are wonders of floral art.

A visitor to Japan tells of a wonderful chrysanthemum display, where those viewing it passed through the most beautiful scenes, each pictured by the aid of flowers. On a framework made of wire the growing branches of a single chrysanthemum stalk had been so trained that they formed a beautiful temple with arched dome. On this single stalk, the visitors were told, there were more than a thousand flowers, all of a fine size.

The branches of another single chrysanthemum stalk were so trained upon a wire frame as to form a perfect airplane. The body of the plane was five feet in length, while each wing had a spread of two feet. Another stalk was so trained as to form a sailboat eight feet in length, another a steamboat of the same size, while still another had been trained into a full-sized Ford. Various birds and animals were represented. There was a most gorgeous chrysanthemum peacock, in whose plumage blooms of various colors intermingled.



"Viewing the flowers" is a favorite pastime in Japan, and each occasion is made a holiday. Often the entire population of a city or village turns out for the purpose of paying court to the flowers. There are numerous flower festivals, the special ones being those of each month.

In January the pine festival is held because of the part the evergreen branches have in the New Year's decorations. The homes are hung with strands formed of the greenery, while tiny pines growing in pots are exchanged between friends.

From the time the first plum blossoms appear until the camellia festivals are over in December, throngs of flower worshipers are seen everywhere in their gayest dress. They walk about under the trees, viewing the blossoms with happy faces, and clapping their hands or worshiping at the shrines of iris, lotus, or chrysanthemum.

In Japan the plum, cherry, and peach are grown for their blossoms rather than for their fruit. Great care is given to the cultivation of the trees to make them blossom in perfection. Even the dwarf varieties of the plum and cherry are made to bear large flowers of lovely hue, for the fruit of these trees, as of the wild trees, is worthless. Japan, however, has a cherry tree that is native to the mountainous districts, which bears a delicious fruit of large size. The plum blossoms of the flowering trees that are so prized by the

Japanese shade from a delicate pink to a deep red, while the cherry blossoms spread all over the trees in one cloudlike mass of pink and white blooms.

Unlike the majority of Japanese flowers, which are scentless, the plum blossoms give out a delicate, sweet fragrance. Before the plums have quite finished blooming, the cherry blossoms are bursting forth in all their pink and white loveliness. They make a greater show than the plum blossoms. Some of the cherry trees grow to a great size. There is one in the public gardens at Kanazawa, on the west coast, that has reached an enormous growth. The trunks, of which there are four, are each several feet in circumference. Near Tokyo is a park that contains an avenue of cherry trees a mile in length.

Another glory of Japan is the wistaria. It is trained to grow on beautiful trellises, around doorways, up the sides of the summer houses, and on trees. It is a most beautiful sight when in full bloom, the blossoms hanging in clusters shading from rich purple to white. The bunches of blossoms are often eighteen inches to two feet long.

Another flower loved by the Japanese is the iris. The iris festival time is a season of general rejoicing and merrymaking. Much of the time is passed on the water, visiting the streams and the miniature lakes in the gardens and public parks, where the iris grows luxuriantly.

It is considered an important part of a girl's education in Japan to be given two or three years' training in the art of flower arranging, as no home is considered complete without its vases, basins, and pots holding flowers, each collection arranged according to Japanese ideas.

SELECTED

## FEEDING HER BIRDS

[Before reading what follows, write down all the things you see in the picture on the opposite page. Then tell the story of the picture in your own words. Does the picture suggest anything, or teach a lesson?]

Have you ever watched a mother bird, perched on the edge of her nest, feeding her family? If you have, you will understand why this picture is called "Feeding Her Birds."

In the foreground, seated on the doorstep of a stone cottage, are three children, dressed in long white frocks. Before them, on a stool, is a woman in a dark dress. In her hand is a wooden spoon which she is holding out toward the little group in front of her.

The child in the center is leaning forward, and his mouth is open. The little girl at his left tilts her head and keeps her eyes on him. On the other side sits a taller girl, holding a doll.

Evidently it is now about noon, for the shadow at the mother's feet is very short, showing that the sun is high overhead. But the air must be cool, for the



*Millet*

FEEDING HER BIRDS

children are hooded, and even the doll is closely wrapped in a shawl.

During the morning the children were probably playing about the yard. But at noon mother came to the door and called them. How fast they ran to her! The little ones forgot all about their toys, and one of them knocked over a basket in her haste. But the oldest child clung tightly to her doll.

Now the children are seated, and the mother is feeding them. The youngest child is fed first. But see how hungrily the two older girls watch the feeding of the baby of the family! They are not the only hungry ones, however. Even a hen runs forward in the hope that there will be some food for her as well. But with children as healthy and hungry as these it is not likely that there will be any leftovers for the hen. Seated on the doorstep of their home these children are waiting, as eagerly as little birds, for the food their mother is going to give them.

Their clumsy wooden shoes and their long white dresses tell us that these are peasant children of France. Millet, the artist, was himself a peasant, brought up in the country districts of France. His was such a home. He wore clothes such as these children wear, and lived just such a life. Through his power to see the beautiful in simple things about him, he has given us this scene of homely peasant life, and made it full of peace and beauty.

## 17. THE SAILING SHIP

Not long ago a giant ocean liner was pulling into her dock, and everybody exclaimed what a beautiful, yet monstrous, boat it was. It had just crossed the Atlantic in less than six days, and it had brought several thousand people from Europe. Some one remarked how different it was when Columbus came in 1492, as it took him over sixty days to cross; and yet the *Santa Maria*, the flagship of Columbus, was a vast improvement over the ships of earlier times. What were these earlier ships like? How was the very first boat of all built? And how did people first learn to travel on the water? It is not easy to answer all these questions as fully as we would like; nevertheless, some things about these early methods of travel by water are fairly well known.

In earliest times men had no need to move about very much, and most of their traveling was done on foot. But by and by, driven by the need for food or the desire for a more comfortable climate, these early tribes began to spread out in all directions. Of course as long as they kept to the land, there was not much difficulty, but they could not journey far without coming to some body of water. If it was a shallow river, they could wade across. They could even get across if the river was deep, as long as it was not too wide, because the early people soon learned how to swim.

When, however, a wide, deep river or a lake was reached, their progress stopped, as they could not swim such a great distance, and they had no other way of crossing.

But there came a time when, by some means or other, no one knows just how, men discovered a way of crossing the larger streams and lakes. One story of how it happened is this: Some little boys, seeing a part of a fallen tree floating in the water one day, thought they would have some fun with it. They swam out to where the tree was floating, climbed upon it, and had great fun pushing it about in the water. It was not long before others found that, by using their hands and feet, they could not only make the tree go through the water, but could steer it as well.

People soon used this means of traveling short distances by water. To make things more comfortable, some one hollowed out the inside of a large log so that he could sit in it; and instead of moving it with his hands and legs, he used a broad stick. This was the first boat. Deep rivers could now be crossed and men could even venture along the shores of seas and lakes. They soon discovered, also, how to tie a number of logs together, pushing them through the water with a long pole.

Rowing or paddling is very hard work when done for a long time, and one does not make very rapid progress by this means. Therefore, when some one first

found that the wind could be made to help, it was a wonderful discovery. The first sailboat was probably made by placing an upright pole in the tree-boat or on the raft, and stretching a skin upon it in such a way as to catch the wind. How much easier it was now to move through the water, and how much farther people could go! These rude sailboats soon became numerous, and more and more people traveled upon the water. In time it was found that larger sails could be used with larger boats, and a little later ships with more than one sail began to appear.

It was a wonderful change which came over the world when these larger sailing vessels began to venture upon the Mediterranean Sea and even out into the Atlantic and along the western shores of Europe and Africa. Trade grew up between parts of the world far away from each other, and people began to visit lands hundreds of miles from their homes.

During all this time people had a strange idea of the shape of the earth. They thought it flat like a table, and believed that if any one went to the edge he would fall off. Around the edge of the world great monsters were supposed to live, waiting to eat up all who came near. As a result of this belief, there was not much sailing out of sight of land. Here and there, however, a few educated men felt sure that these were nothing but foolish fancies, and that the earth must be round. Now and then a bold sailor voyaged far



down the coast of Africa, and at last Christopher Columbus, with his tiny fleet of three ships, sailed fearlessly out into the West upon the unknown waters of the Atlantic. He firmly believed that the earth was round and that he could reach India and China by traveling west as well as east. He never knew that he had discovered a new continent, but died believing that he had reached that India for which he sailed.

People now began to lose their fears, for of course where one ship had gone, others might go. Sailing vessels were fitted out in many of the large ports of Europe, and many a sailor with a love of adventure showed himself anxious to enlist for the perilous journey across the ocean. Only a few years after Columbus made his voyage, Magellan's ship sailed around the world, proving that Columbus had discovered an entirely new continent.

America owes much to the sailing vessel. All her discoverers and explorers came to her shores under sail. It was the sailing ship which gave the Pilgrims, the Quakers, and all the other early colonists the means of leaving the Old World and founding settlements in the New World. For hundreds of years the sailing vessel ruled the sea and helped to build up nations.

Perhaps you may sometime have an opportunity to see a model of the *Santa Maria* in which Columbus sailed, or of the *Mayflower*, which brought the Pilgrims. You will be astonished to learn how small

these ships were, and you will wonder how so many people could possibly have been crowded into so small a space during the many weeks required to cross the ocean in those days. You will admire, too, more than ever, the courage of those sailors who first dared to steer such small, frail craft out of sight of land.

## THE SEA

The sea! the sea! the open sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions 'round;  
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies;  
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!  
I am where I would ever be  
With the blue above, and the blue below,  
And silence wheresoe'er I go.  
If a storm should come and awake the deep,  
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh! how I love to ride  
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,  
When every mad wave drowns the moon,  
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,  
And tells how goeth the world below,  
And why the southwest blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,  
But I loved the great sea more and more,  
And backward flew to her billowy breast,  
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest ;  
And a mother she was and is to me,  
For I was born on the open sea !

The waves were white, and red the morn,  
In the noisy hour when I was born ;  
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,  
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold :  
And never was heard such an outcry wild  
As welcomed to life the ocean child !

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,  
Full fifty summers a sailor's life ;  
With wealth to spend and a power to range, —  
But never have sought, nor sighed for change ;  
And Death, whenever he comes to me,  
Shall come on the wide, unbounded sea !

BRYAN W. PROCTER

### THE TRAVELING CLOAK

Prince Dolor fell ill. He caught — his nurse could not tell how — a complaint common to the people of Nomansland, called the doldrums, as unpleasant as measles or any other of our complaints ; and it made him restless, cross, and disagreeable.

Now and then an irritable fit came over him, in

which he longed to get up and do something or go somewhere — would have liked to imitate his white kitten — jump down from the tower and run away, taking the chance of whatever might happen.

Only one thing, alas! was likely to happen; for the kitten, he remembered, had four active legs, while he —

“I wonder what my godmother meant when she looked at my legs and sighed so bitterly? I wonder why I can’t walk straight and steady like my nurse — only I wouldn’t like to have her great, noisy, clumping shoes. Still it would be nice to move about quickly — perhaps to fly like a bird, like that string of birds I saw the other day skimming across the sky, one after the other.”

These were the passage birds — the only living creatures that ever crossed the lonely plain; and he had been much interested in them, wondering whence they came and whither they were going.

“How nice it must be to be a bird! If legs are no good, why cannot one have wings? People have wings when they die, — perhaps; I wish I were dead, that I do. I am so tired, so tired; and nobody cares for me. Nobody ever did care for me, except perhaps my godmother. Godmother, dear, have you quite forsaken me?”

He stretched himself wearily, gathered himself up, and dropped his head upon his hands; as he did so, he felt somebody kiss him at the back of his neck, and

turning, found that he was resting, not on the sofa pillows, but on a warm shoulder — that of the little old woman clothed in gray.

How glad he was to see her! How he looked into her kind eyes and felt her hands, to see if she were all real and alive! then put both his arms around her neck, and kissed her as if he would never have done kissing.

“Stop, stop!” cried she, pretending to be smothered. “I see you have not forgotten my teachings. Kissing is a good thing — in moderation. Only just let me have breath to speak one word.

“Now, my Prince — for you are a prince, and must behave as such — let us see what we can do; how much I can do for you, or show you how to do for yourself. Where is your traveling cloak?”

Prince Dolor blushed extremely. “I — I put it away in the cupboard. I suppose it is there still.”

“You have never used it; you dislike it?”

He hesitated, not wishing to be impolite. “Don’t you think it’s — just a little old and shabby for a prince?”

The old woman laughed — long and loud, though very sweetly.

“Prince, indeed! Why, if all the princes in the world craved for it, they couldn’t get it, unless I gave it to them. Old and shabby! It’s the most valuable thing imaginable! Very few ever have it; but I

thought I would give it to you, because — because you are different from other people.”

“Am I?” said the Prince and looked first with curiosity, then with a sort of anxiety, into his godmother’s face, which was sad and grave, with slow tears beginning to steal down.

She touched his poor little legs. “These are not like those of other little boys.”

“Indeed! — my nurse never told me that.”

“Very likely not. But it is time you were told, and I tell you, because I love you.”

“Tell me what, dear godmother?”

“That you will never be able to walk or run or jump or play — that your life will be quite different from most people’s lives; but it may be a very happy life for all that. Do not be afraid.”

“I am not afraid,” said the boy; but he turned very pale, and his lips began to quiver, though he did not actually cry — he was too old for that, and, perhaps, too proud.

She comforted him — I do not know how, except that love always comforts; and then she whispered to him, in her sweet, strong, cheerful voice — “Never mind!”

“No, I don’t think I do mind — that is, I won’t mind,” replied he, catching the courage of her tone and speaking like a man, though he was still such a mere boy.

"That is right, my Prince! — that is being like a prince. Now we know exactly where we are; let us put our shoulders to the wheel and —"

"We are in Hopeless Tower" (this was its name if it had a name) "and there is no wheel to put our shoulders to," said the child sadly.

"You little matter-of-fact goose! Well for you that you have a godmother called —"

"What?" he eagerly asked.

"Stuff-and-nonsense."

"Stuff-and-nonsense! What a funny name!"

He could have looked at her forever — half in love — half in awe; but she suddenly dwindled down into the little old woman all in gray, and, with a malicious twinkle in her eyes, asked for the traveling cloak.

"Bring it out of the rubbish cupboard, and shake the dust off it, quick!" said she to Prince Dolor, who hung his head rather ashamed.

"Spread it out on the floor, and wait till the split closes and the edges turn up like a rim all around. Then go and open the skylight — set yourself down in the middle of it, like a frog on a water-lily leaf; say 'Abracadabra, dum dum dum,' and — see what will happen!"

The Prince burst into a fit of laughing. It all seemed so exceedingly silly; he wondered that a wise old woman like his godmother should talk such nonsense.

"Stuff-and-nonsense, you mean," said she, answer-

ing, to his great alarm, his unspoken thoughts. "Did I not tell you some people called me by that name? Never mind; it doesn't harm me."

And she laughed — her merry laugh — as childlike as if she were the Prince's age instead of her own, whatever that might be. She certainly was a most extraordinary old woman.

"Believe me or not, it doesn't matter," said she. "Here is the cloak; when you want to go traveling on it, say 'Abracadabra, dum dum dum'; when you want to come back again, say, 'Abracadabra, tum tum ti' — That's all; good-by."

A puff of pleasant air passing by him, and making him feel for the moment quite strong and well, was all the Prince was conscious of. His most extraordinary godmother was gone.

The instant she was gone, however, taking with her the plates and dishes, which for the first time since his illness he had satisfactorily cleared, Prince Dolor sprang down from his sofa, and with one or two of his froglike jumps, not graceful, but convenient, he reached the cupboard where he kept his toys, and looked everywhere for his traveling cloak.

Alas! It was not there.

"It is all my own fault," he cried. "I ought to have taken better care of my godmother's gift. Oh, godmother, forgive me! I'll never be so careless again. Oh, don't let it be stolen from me — don't, please!"



"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed a silvery voice. "Why, that traveling cloak is the one thing in the world which nobody can steal. It is of no use to anybody except the owner. Open your eyes, my Prince, and see what you shall see."

His dear old godmother, he thought, and turned eagerly round. But no; he only beheld, lying in a corner of the room, all dust and cobwebs, his precious traveling cloak.

Prince Dolor darted toward it, tumbling several times on the way, as he often did tumble, poor boy! and pick himself up again, never complaining. Snatching it to his breast he hugged and kissed it, cobwebs and all, as if it had been something alive. Then he began unrolling it, wondering each moment what would happen. But what did happen was very curious.

[For the rest of this very interesting story, read "The Little Lamé Prince," by DINAH MULOOCK CRAIK.]

## 18. THE STORY OF COQUERICO

Once upon a time there was a handsome hen who lived like a great lady in the poultry yard of a rich farmer. She was surrounded by a large family, none of which clamored more loudly or picked up the corn faster with his bill than a poor little deformed and crippled chicken. This was the very one that the mother loved best. It is the way with all mothers; the weakest and most unsightly are always their favorites.

This misshapen creature had but one eye, one wing, and one leg in good condition. When a person is one-eyed, lame, and one-armed, he may reasonably be expected to be modest. But our ragamuffin was prouder than his father, — the best spurred, most elegant, and most gallant cock to be seen in Spain. Coquerico, for that was the name of the wretched chicken, thought himself a marvel of grace and beauty, and passed the best part of the day in admiring himself in the brook. If one of his brothers ran against him by accident, he abused him, called him envious and jealous, and risked his only remaining eye in battle. If the hens clucked on seeing him, he said it was to hide their spite because he did not condescend to look at them.

One day, when he was more puffed up with vanity than usual, he decided no longer to remain in such a small place, but to go out into the world where he could be better appreciated.

“My lady mother,” said he, “I am tired of Spain; I am going to Rome.”

“What are you thinking of, my poor child!” cried his mother. “Who has put such folly into your head? Never has one of our family been known to quit his country; and for this reason we are the honor of our race and are proud of our family. Where will you find a poultry yard like this, — mulberry trees to shade you, a whitewashed henroost, a magnificent dung-

hill, and worms and corn everywhere, brothers that love you, and three great dogs to guard you from the foxes? Do you not think that at Rome itself you will miss the ease and plenty of such a life?"

Coquerico shrugged his crippled wing. "You are a simple woman, my good mother," said he. "Everything is thought to be fine and wonderful by one who has never been outside his dooryard. But I have wit enough to see that my brothers have no ideas, and that my cousins are nothing but simpletons. My genius is stifling in this hole; I wish to roam the world and seek my fortune."

"But, my son, have you never looked in the brook?" continued the poor hen. "Don't you know that you lack an eye, a leg, and a wing? To make your fortune, you need the eyes of a fox, the legs of a spider, and the wings of a vulture. Once outside of these walls you are lost."

"My good mother," replied Coquerico, "when a hen hatches a duck, she is always frightened on seeing it run to the water. You know me no better. It is my nature to succeed by my wit and talent. I must have a public able to appreciate the charms of my person; my place is not among lowly people."

"My son," said the hen, seeing all her advice useless, — "my son, listen at least to your mother's last words. If you go to Rome, take care to avoid St. Peter's church; the saint, it is said, dislikes cocks,

especially when they crow. Shun, moreover, certain personages called cooks ; you will know them by their paper caps, their tucked-up sleeves, and the great knives which they wear at their sides. They are murderers who track our steps without pity, and cut our throats without giving us time to cry mercy. And now, my child," she added, raising her claw, "receive my blessing. May Heaven protect thee in thy wanderings !"

Coquerico pretended not to see the tear that trembled in his mother's eye, nor did he trouble himself any more about his father, who bristled his plumage and seemed about to call him back. Without caring for those whom he left behind, he glided through the half-open door. Once outside, he flapped his only wing and crowed three times to celebrate his freedom — "Cock-a-doodle-doo !"

As he half flew, half hopped over the fields, he came to the bed of a brook which had been dried up by the sun. In the middle of the sands, however, still trickled a tiny thread of water, so small that it was choked by a couple of dead leaves that had fallen into it.

"My friend," exclaimed the streamlet at the sight of our traveler, "my friend, you see my weakness. I have not even the strength to carry away these leaves which block my passage, much less to flow around them, so completely am I exhausted. With a stroke of your beak you can restore me to life. I

am not ungrateful. If you oblige me, you may count on my gratitude the first rainy day, when the water from the heavens shall have restored my strength."

"You are joking," said Coquerico. "Do I look like one whose business it is to sweep the brooks? Ask help from those of your own sort." And with his sound leg he leaped across the streamlet.

"You will remember me when you least expect it," murmured the brook, but with so feeble a voice that it was lost on the proud cock.

A little further on, Coquerico saw the wind lying breathless on the ground.

"Dear Coquerico, come to my aid," it cried. "Here on earth we should help each other. You see to what I am reduced by the heat of the day; I, who in former times uprooted the olive trees and lashed the waves to frenzy, lie here well-nigh dead. I suffered myself to be lulled to sleep by the perfume of the roses with which I was playing; and lo! here I am, stretched almost lifeless upon the ground. If you will raise me a couple of inches with your beak and fan me a little with your wing, I shall have the strength to mount to yonder white clouds which I see in the distance. There I shall receive aid enough from my family to keep me alive till I gain fresh strength from the next whirlwind."

"My lord," answered the spiteful Coquerico, "your Excellency has more than once amused himself by

playing tricks at my expense. It is not a week since your Lordship glided like a traitor behind me, and amused himself by opening my tail like a fan and covering me with confusion in the face of nations. Have patience, therefore, my worthy friend. Mockers always have their turn; it does them good to repent, and to learn to respect those whose birth, wit, and beauty should keep them from being made the jests of a fool." And Coquerico, bristling his plumage, crowed three times in his shrillest voice and proudly strutted onward.

A little farther on he came to a newly mown field, where the farmers had piled up the weeds in order to burn them. Coquerico approached a smoking heap, hoping to find some stray kernels of corn, and saw a little flame which was charring the green stalks without being able to set them on fire.

"My good friend," cried the flame to the newcomer, "you are just in time to save my life. I am dying for want of air. I cannot imagine what has become of my cousin, the wind, who cares for nothing but his own amusement. Bring me a few dry straws to rekindle my strength, and you will not be sorry to have done so."

"Wait a moment," said Coquerico, "and I will serve you as you deserve, bold fellow that dares ask my help!" And behold! he leaped on the heap of dry weeds, and trampled it down till he smothered both flame and smoke. Then he proudly shouted three

times, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" and flapped his wing, as if he had done a great deed.

Proudly strutting onward and crowing, Coquerico at last arrived at Rome, the place to which all roads lead. Scarcely had he reached the city when he hastened to the great church of St. Peter. Grand and beautiful as it was, he did not stop to admire it. Planting himself in front of the main entrance, where he looked like a fly among the great columns, he raised himself on tiptoe and began to shout, "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" only to enrage the saint and disobey his mother.

He had not yet ended his song when a guard, who chanced to hear him, laid hands on the rude wretch who dared thus to insult the saint and carried him home in order to roast him for supper.

"Quick!" said he to his wife on entering the house, "give me some boiling water: here is a sinner to be punished."

"Pardon, pardon, Madam Water!" cried Coquerico. "O good and gentle water, the best and purest thing in the world, do not scald me, I pray you!"

"Did you have pity on me when I begged your aid, ungrateful wretch?" answered the water, boiling with anger. And with a single gush it covered him from head to foot, and left not a bit of down on his body.

The unhappy Coquerico being stripped of all his feathers, the soldier took him and laid him on the grid-iron.

"O fire, do not burn me!" cried he in an agony of terror. "O beautiful and brilliant fire, the brother of the sun and the cousin of the diamond, spare an unhappy creature. Restrain thy heat, and soften thy flame. Do not roast me!"

"Did you have pity on me when I asked your aid, ungrateful wretch?" answered the fire. And fiercely blazing with anger, in an instant it burnt Coquerico to a coal.

The soldier, seeing his roast chicken in this sad condition, took him by the leg and threw him out of the window. The wind bore the unhappy fowl to a dung-hill, where he left him for a moment.

"O wind," murmured Coquerico, who still breathed, "O kindly breeze, behold me cured of my vain follies. Let me rest on the family dunghill."

"Let you rest!" roared the wind. "Wait, and I will teach you how I treat ungrateful wretches." And with one blast it sent him so high in the air that, as he fell back, he was pierced by the highest steeple in Rome, where he is still shown to travelers. However high-placed he may be, all despise him because he turns with the slightest wind. Black, dried up, stripped of his feathers, and beaten by the rain, he is no longer called Coquerico, but Weathercock.

EDOUARD RENÉ LABOULAYE — Adapted

[From Laboulaye's "Fairy Book," by courtesy of Harper & Brothers.]



## CHANTICLEER

Of all the birds from East to West,  
That tuneful are and dear,  
I love that farmyard bird the best,  
They call him Chanticleer.

Gold plume and copper plume,  
Comb of scarlet gay;  
'Tis he that scatters night and gloom,  
And whistles back the day!

He is the sun's brave herald  
That, ringing his blithe horn,  
Calls round a world dew-pearled  
The heavenly airs of morn.

Black fear he sends it flying,  
Black care he drives afar;  
And creeping shadows sighing  
Before the morning star.

The birds of all the forest  
Have dear and pleasant cheer,  
But yet I hold the rarest  
The farmyard Chanticleer.

Red cock or black cock,  
Gold cock or white,  
The flower of all the feathered flock,  
He whistles back the light!

KATHARINE TYNAN-HINKSON

## 19. THE HOUSEKEEPING OF THE BIRDS

It was toward the end of May, and our garden was becoming a great resort for birds. It is a very old-fashioned garden, stocked with ancient fruit trees. There is a thick undergrowth of currants, gooseberries, and raspberries, running almost wild. In this paradise are admitted neither guns nor traps; so it is a region well known to all our feathered neighbors, and is a most desirable place for their housebuilding.

Of all my garden families the one most cared for was that which I have to-day lost — my babes in the wood. It was about the end of May, when in my daily walk before breakfast, I found that, whenever I passed a particular corner, I always startled some large bird, which flew away in alarm. And at last I saw it, beak, head, and all, emerging from a hole in a half-decayed apple tree. It was a blackbird.

"So, my friend," said I, "you have found a home, and you shall not be disturbed."

Therefore, though I passed the tree twenty times a day, and each time out flew a bird, for many days I kept from taking any notice of the busy little house-builders. At last I ventured to look in. There I saw, deep in the hollow tree, four bluish eggs.

Considering them now fairly settled in housekeeping, I took every opportunity of becoming acquainted with the newcomers. Soon I knew them well by sight,

and they certainly had a fair chance of returning the compliment.

The old birds were a goodly pair. Mr. B., as I named him, was an uncommonly handsome little gentleman — jet black, with the slenderest figure, the yellowest bill, and the brightest eyes. Indeed, he was quite a dandy among blackbirds. But, with all his beauty, he was the most attentive of husbands, and the most cheerful and musical of songsters. He had great richness and variety of song, and made distinct turns and trills.

He never tired of singing. Lying awake one night, I heard him begin with the first peep of dawn; and in showery weather his carols lasted all day long. But the treat of treats was to watch him perched on the topmost spray of a poplar, and listen to him in the still June evening singing to his wife and family. His cheerful song almost brought tears into one's eyes to think there should be such a happy creature in this cruel world.

All sorts of things were week after week happening in the outside world, while the blithe bird was peaceful in his garden. He no doubt looked upon it as his own personal property, currants, raspberry bushes, and all. And still he sang over and over his song of love and joy.

Mrs. B. I rarely saw, not even when looking down into the nest, though she was probably there all the

while, brooding motionless over the four eggs. I thought the eggs a long time hatching; but that was Mrs. B.'s affair, not mine, and so I did not disturb her.

One fine morning, passing the apple tree, I heard a chirp, weak and faint, but still the chirp of a living thing. The parents flew about so wildly, and appeared in such a frantic state of mind, that I had not the heart to frighten them further by peering into the nest. Next day, in their absence, I did so; and lo! four wide-open mouths stretched themselves up from the bottom of the hole, demanding something to eat. They seemed to be mouths and nothing else.

The third, fourth, and all following days it was just the same. I never saw any young creatures so continually hungry. As soon as my step was heard, there arose from the heart of the apple tree four gaping beaks appealing to me for their breakfast. It was very flattering — to be mistaken for an old blackbird!

In course of time, my young family grew wise and less clamorous; but still they always chirped when I looked in at the nest, and their parents, seeing no ill result, became more at ease — even familiar. Many a morning, as I sat reading under a tree about three yards off, Mrs. B. would come and sit on the bough near her nursery, and hold a soft chirping conversation with her little ones. Meanwhile her husband was practicing his joyous music on the topmost branch of

the tree. They were a very happy family, and a pattern to many unfeathered families far and near.

One night in June there was a terrific storm. The thunder, close overhead, rolled through the heavy, dawn like artillery; the rain came dripping through the roof and soaking in at the window sills. We afterward heard, with no great surprise, of buildings struck, wheat stacks burned, and trees in the next garden blasted by the lightning. But, amid all these disasters, my chief anxiety was about my young blackbirds. What would become of the poor creatures? Their nest being open to the sky, I feared that the torrents of rain would fill it like a tub, and drown them.

How this did not happen I am puzzled to decide. It may be that the parents, turning their wings into umbrellas, sat patiently over the opening of the hole till the storm was past. But next morning, when I waded through the dripping garden to see if they were alive, there they were, all four, as lively and hungry as ever! And at noon a stray sunbeam, piercing into their shadowy nursery, gave me a distinct view of the whole family, sound asleep, packed tightly together, not a feather ruffled. How happy and contented they were! What cared they for rain and thunderstorms?

Once, coming suddenly round the corner, I saw on the edge of the hole the drollest little head, which looked about for a minute, and then popped down again. Doubtless this was the eldest of the family,

desirous to see the world for himself. The next day the silence in the nest was such that I thought they had all flown; but I soon afterward caught sight of the four little yellow bills and eight twinkling eyes. Still one might now expect their departure at any time; and I own to a sad feeling at the thought of the empty nest.

One morning I overheard two of my neighbors conversing. "Yes," said one, "they are very troublesome in gardens. I shot, this morning, a fellow which no doubt had his nest somewhere near — a remarkably fine blackbird."

"Sir," I was just on the point of saying, "was it *my* blackbird? Have you dared to shoot *my* blackbird?" And a thrill of alarm passed through me.

The wrong he did, however, was to some other young family, not mine. I found my birds chirping away, neither fatherless nor motherless. Mrs. B. was hopping among the apple branches, and Mr. B. was caroling his heart out in his favorite cherry tree.

My happy family! That was my last sight of their innocent enjoyment. The same evening a warning voice called out to me, "Your blackbirds are flown. They just climbed out of the nest and away they flew."

I looked into the familiar hole in the apple tree: there was the nest, neat and round, but empty.

DINAH MULOCK CRAIK — Adapted

## TWO MOTHERS AND THEIR FAMILIES

[Before reading what follows, write down all the things you see in the picture on the opposite page. Then tell the story of the picture in your own words. Does the picture suggest anything, or teach a lesson?]

Artists must be fond of painting pictures of home life, for here we have another scene in which the central figures are a young mother and her little child. The mother is seated, evidently on a low stool; one arm is about the curly-headed child, who leans against her knee and looks up into her face. With one chubby hand he points toward another group in the foreground of the picture — a mother hen and her eight little chicks.

At the other side of the mother a baby lies asleep in an old-fashioned wooden cradle. A heavy covering draped over the top of the cradle shades the baby's eyes from the light. There is a large open fireplace at the back of the room, and at one side a chest, above which hangs a row of pots and pans. A basket filled with vegetables and greens has been left on the chest. At the very edge of the picture two more little chickens, which have just hopped in the door, are seen with wings outstretched running to join the others. It must be summer time, for neither mother nor child is very warmly dressed, and both are barefooted.

The room is evidently the kitchen of a little country home, — not such a kitchen as we are used to, how-



*Bouguereau*

**TWO MOTHERS AND THEIR FAMILIES**



ever. The stone floor, the huge fireplace, and the heavy cradle seem to show that it is a peasant home in some foreign country, probably France. Then, too, it is much more customary in European countries than in ours to keep the fowls and farm animals near the house. The presence of the hen and brood of chickens in the house would not seem at all strange there.

Perhaps the little child has been playing in the yard while the mother was rocking the baby to sleep. Thinking what fun it would be to have his mother see him feed the chicks, he has taken the dish of feed and called them all into the kitchen. He is delighted to see how eagerly they pick up with their little bills the food which he has scattered on the floor. Having tucked the baby snugly into his cradle, the mother turns lovingly to share in the little one's pleasure.

## 20. FIRE

When you sit around a good fire on a cold winter's night, how warm and comfortable you feel! Everything in the house is pleasant and cozy, and everybody is happy. The children play with their games, unmindful of the cold weather outside, and father and mother employ themselves at their various household tasks. Once in a while the window rattles, and if for any reason an outside door is opened, we realize how cold it is out of doors.

What a dreary world it would be, we think, if we had no way of heating our houses! How could we manage to live at all without fires to keep us warm? Yet, — would you believe it? — there was a time when men did not understand the use of fire. In fact, the only knowledge they had of fire was from seeing forest fires which had been started by lightning, or in some other way. They knew, however, the comfort which came from heat, because, like ourselves, they enjoyed the warmth of the sun's rays during the summer time.

One day a man came across a fallen tree, which had been set on fire, probably by lightning. Though the flames had partially died down, the smoldering log still gave out heat. As the man stood near it, feeling the warmth, it occurred to him that it would be a good idea to keep the fire going. So he ran to get some dry twigs and branches and put them close to the log. In a few moments they caught fire, and the man felt still more heat. How pleasant it was near the warmth, and how eagerly he ran to get a larger supply of dry branches! That night, instead of climbing a tree to keep out of the way of the wild beasts, he stayed on the ground near the fire, which kept him warm and which frightened the beasts away.

After the discovery of the use of fire, these early people, instead of living in tree tops, found it possible to live in caves, with fires burning just outside, or in

rude huts of interwoven boughs. Sometimes, to keep the fire from scattering about, a hole was dug, in the shape of a large pot, and in this the fire was placed. This fire-pot was the first stove.

One trouble with the fire-pot was that the fire had to be kept burning all the time, day and night, because, if it went out, another burning tree would have to be found somewhere so that a new fire could be started. But burning trees could not always be found when wanted. Moreover, keeping the fire burning day and night, besides being a good deal of trouble, was dangerous. In a high wind it was likely to spread, and sometimes, when too many twigs and branches were placed in the fire-pot, the hut itself caught fire. Though the fire-pot was a great improvement, something else was needed.

No doubt people in the old days did what we do today when our hands are cold, — rub them together. We know that this rubbing makes them warm. We know something else, too, which the earliest people must have known, and that is, if a smooth stick is pulled violently from our hands while we have a firm grip on it, a burn — and sometimes a very painful one — will result. This rubbing is called friction. Some clever person among the earliest people, knowing that he could warm his hands by friction, thought he ought to be able to cause heat by rubbing two sticks together. Sure enough, he did it. He found that in this way he

could make a spark which could start a fire for him. Later, some one found that a better and quicker fire could be made by striking stone and metal together and letting the sparks fall into a box of dried leaves and twigs broken into very fine pieces. Man had now learned how to make fire, and as a result it was not necessary for him to live near burning forests. He could move to any place he wished, and he could do work now which was not possible before fire was discovered.

Over one hundred years ago, a man discovered a substance which he could place on the end of a small stick and set fire to by rubbing against something else. This was the beginning of the match. Matches are now used by the million. What would we ever do, if we suddenly found that no matches could be had?

When we think of the struggles which the first people had, we realize how far the world has advanced. Yet if the world had never learned how to make fire, most of that advancement, if not all of it, would never have taken place. Just think of all the things which could not go on without fire! Nearly all of our factories would have to stop; none of our steamships or steam engines would be able to move; the heat would leave our homes; our schools and power houses would have to shut down; and almost all the business of the world would have to stop.

It has been said that fire is a good servant, but a bad master. This is true. While fire does for us what

we want it to do, nothing can be more helpful. When fire gets beyond our control, nothing is more harmful. Everybody can help in preventing damage by fire. Boys and girls, for instance, can keep from playing with matches, and can place matches out of the reach of babies and small children. Everybody can clean out closets, cellars, and attics, and get rid of heaps of rubbish. Oiled rags should never be left around after being used. There is a very strange thing about fire — it can start itself. Sometimes it does, and oiled rags will help it to do so. A little care will save many a home and many a life.

### JACK, THE FIRE DOG

Our story opens on a cold evening in the winter. The wind had been blowing fiercely all day, catching up the light snow and scattering it wildly about, until it was hard to tell whether it was snowing or not, so full of snow was the sharp air. Toward the latter part of the afternoon the wind began to go down, but as it grew less the air became colder, and the mercury fell lower and lower, until it reached zero. It went lower than that, and at seven o'clock stood at eight below. A dreadful night for our brave firemen to work in, but they never fail us.

Below, in the engine house of Number 33, stands the engine ready for duty, her shining brass reflecting a hundredfold the lights that shine on her. The

horses are warm and comfortable in their stalls, and still, except when one gives an occasional stamp or rubs against the side of his stall. On the floor above, in their cozy, warm room, the firemen are assembled. Some are reading, others talking together. One young man is putting Jack through his tricks, of which he has a long list. He has just told to what engine he belongs, — not in words, for Jack cannot speak the human language. When he is asked what is his engine, and the numbers of several are mentioned, he is silent until Number 33 is called, then he gives a sharp bark.

This evening no sooner has he given his answer than the gong below strikes, and in an instant men and dog are on the way to the floor below. Jack rushes headlong down the long, steep flight of stairs, while the firemen take a shorter cut by sliding down the pole. In a very few seconds the horses have taken their places in front of the engine, the harness is let down and fastened into place. The fire is started under the boiler of the engine, the driver is in his seat, the men in their places, and the three splendid grays dash out of the engine house, Jack circling about in front of them, almost crazy with excitement, or running ahead to bark indignantly at any team that happens to be in their path. Not long does he keep up his circling and barking, for by the time they are at the foot of the hill the horses have broken into a run, and Jack has all he

can do to keep up with them. He has worked off his excitement and is ready for business.

Such a stinging, cold night! The engine wheels crunch the frozen snow with a sharp, creaking sound, and the warning notes of the bugle ring out loud and clear on the still air.

Sometimes an answering bark comes from the houses they pass, as the engine dashes by. No dogs are out on such a night, but they all know Jack and envy him and his position as engine dog. It is not always such fun for Jack as they think it is, particularly on such a night as this. However, Jack has a duty to perform as well as the firemen have, and he does it just as fearlessly and nobly as they do.

The fire is at one of the extreme ends of the city, a small theater in a narrow street where tenement houses and small shops are crowded together regardless of regularity, — a court here and a narrow alleyway there, but every square inch taken up with a building of some kind. When our engine arrives, it is to find others, that have not come from such a distance, hard at work, the deep throbs of the working engines reaching far through the crisp air.

Engine 33 takes her stand, and while her men are attaching the hose to the hydrant and preparing for action, Jack, as is his custom, makes his rounds to see if all is going on as it should. He sees the horses standing with their legs drawn closely together under them,

as they always do in cold weather, and well blanketed by the men who are detailed for that purpose. Frozen pools and rivulets are standing on the sidewalks and streets, and as the water comes out of the hose, it is turned to frozen spray. Jack's thin coat of hair does not keep out the cold very well, and he shivers as he steps over the icy ground. There is no time to be wasted, however, and as soon as he is satisfied that all is in working order, the fire dog joins his own company. They are ordered into a tenement house that adjoins the burning theater, and from which smoke is thickly pouring.

The inhabitants of the tenement house have thrown their bedding and many other articles from the windows, or carried them down to the street. Groups of people, lamenting and terrified, are huddled about their property, hoping to save it. Scantily clothed in their sudden exit, they shiver and moan in a manner pitiable to behold. Many children are among the number, either in their mothers' arms or huddled together among their household goods, vainly trying to escape from the biting air.

The men of Engine 33 are ordered to the roof of the tenement house; and in they rush, dragging the hose after them. They have no easy task, for the narrow halls and stairways are filled with smoke that blinds and suffocates them. It is slow work, too, for they must stop occasionally to take breath at an open win-



dow. Sometimes, too, one of them sinks to the floor, overpowered by the thick smoke. On they go, however, dragging the long hose after them, with valiant Jack always close behind them. At last the upper story is reached and the skylight through which they must reach the roof is thrown open. Here, however, Jack stops, and running up to a closed door sniffs for a moment, and then begins to whine and scratch.

It is only a kind of storeroom, without windows or any opening to admit the light, and is built under the stairway leading to the roof. It seems impossible that any one could be there, but Jack's whines and scratching must mean something, and one of the men throws the door open.

Through the smoke and darkness nothing is seen at first, but in rushes Jack, pounces upon something in one corner, tugging at it until he succeeds in dragging it to the door.

[For the rest of this very interesting story, read the book named "Jack, the Fire Dog," by LILY F. WESSELHOEFT, copyrighted by Little, Brown & Company.]

## 21. LITTLE BRIAR-ROSE

Long ago there lived a king and queen. Every day they said to each other, "Oh, if we only had a child!" and still none came to them. Then it happened once when the queen was bathing, that a frog crept ashore out of the water and said to her, "Your wish shall be

fulfilled. Before a year passes you shall hold a little daughter in your arms."

What the frog said happened, and before the year was out the queen had a beautiful little girl. The king could not contain himself for joy and made a great feast. He invited not only his relatives, friends, and acquaintances, but also the wise women, that they might be gracious and kind to the child.

Now, there were thirteen wise women in his kingdom; but because he had only twelve gold plates for them to eat from, one of them had to stay at home. The feast was splendidly celebrated, and when it was over, the wise women gave the child their wonderful gifts. One gave her virtue, another beauty, another wealth, and so on, until they had bestowed on her almost everything that people want.

But just as the eleventh had finished speaking, suddenly the thirteenth appeared. She wished to punish them because she had not been invited to the feast; so she cried out, "In her fifteenth year the king's daughter shall wound herself on a spindle and fall down dead." Then she turned around and hurriedly left the hall. All were frightened. But the twelfth wise woman had not yet presented the princess with her gift. Since she could not remove the dreadful sentence, but only soften it, she said, "Yet it shall not be a real death, but only a deep sleep of a hundred years into which the king's daughter shall fall."

The king, who wanted to save his dear child from harm, sent out an order that all the spindles in the kingdom should be burned.

The princess grew up so beautiful, good, kind, and sensible that nobody who saw her could help loving her. It happened that just on the day when she was fifteen years old, the king and queen were not at home, and the little girl was left quite alone in the castle. She wandered wherever she pleased, looking in all the rooms and chambers, and at last she came to an old tower. In the keyhole was a rusty key; and when she turned it, the door sprang open. There in a little room sat an old woman with a spindle, busily spinning flax.

“Good day, Aunty,” said the king’s daughter, “what are you doing there?”

“I am spinning,” said the old woman, and nodded.

“What sort of thing is that which jumps about so gayly?” said the girl. She took the spindle, wanting to spin too; but she had hardly touched it before she had pricked her finger with it.

At the instant she felt the prick, she fell down on the bed that stood there, and lay in a deep sleep. This sleep spread over all the castle. The king and queen and all the courtiers, who had just come home and entered the hall, began to go to sleep. The horses went to sleep in the stalls, the dogs in the yards, the doves on the roof, the flies on the wall. Yes, the fire that was flickering on the hearth grew still and went to sleep.

And the roast meat stopped sputtering, and the cook, who was going to take the cook boy by the hair because he had forgotten something, let him go and slept. Even the wind was still, and no leaf stirred in the trees by the castle.

Now all around the castle was a hedge of briars that grew higher every year until at last nothing more could be seen of the castle, not even the flags on the towers. The story was told about the country, however, of the beautiful sleeping Briar-Rose (for so the princess was called). And from time to time princes came and tried to get through the hedge into the castle. This they could not do, for the briars clung fast together, and the young men, stuck fast in the hedge, could not get out again and died a wretched death.

After long, long years, there came another prince to that country. He heard from an old man about the briar hedge; that there was a castle behind it, in which a wonderfully beautiful princess called Briar-Rose had been sleeping for a hundred years; and that the king and queen and all the court were sleeping with her. He heard, too, that many princes had been caught in the hedge and had died a sad death. But the young man said, "I am not afraid. I will go and see the beautiful Briar-Rose." The good old man might warn him as much as he pleased; the prince did not listen to his words.

It happened, however, that the hundred years were

just passed, and that the day had come when Briar-Rose was to wake again. So when the king's son went up to the hedge, he found it covered with beautiful flowers instead of thorns. And the hedge parted of its own accord and let him through unhurt. In the yard he saw the horses and the mottled hounds lying asleep. On the roof perched the doves, their heads stuck under their wings. And when he came into the house the flies were sleeping on the wall; in the kitchen the cook still held up his hand as though to grab the boy; and the maid was sitting before the black hen that was to be plucked.

Then he went farther, and in the hall he saw all the courtiers lying asleep, and upon their throne lay the king and the queen. He kept on, and all was so still that he could hear himself breathe; and at last he came to the tower and opened the door of the little room where Briar-Rose was sleeping. There she lay, and she was so beautiful that he could not take his eyes off her; he bent down and gave her a kiss. Just as the prince touched her lips, Briar-Rose opened her eyes, smiled upon him, and, giving him her hand, rose from her couch.

Then they went downstairs together; and the king awoke, and the queen, and all the courtiers. They rubbed their eyes and looked at one another. The horses in the yard got up and shook themselves, and the hounds sprang about and wagged their tails. The

doves on the roof pulled their heads out from under their wings, looked around, and flew into the field. The flies began crawling on the wall. The fire in the kitchen started up and blazed and cooked the dinner. The roast began to sputter again, the cook gave the boy such a box on the ear that he screamed, and the maid finished plucking the hen.

Then the wedding of the king's son with Briar-Rose was splendidly celebrated, and they lived happy till the end of their lives.

## 22. THE BAMBOO CANE<sup>1</sup>

The Festival of the Cocoons was the greatest festival day of all the year in China. On that day the people left their homes and met in the public squares to celebrate in honor of the little creatures that for rich and poor alike turned the mulberry leaves into silken robes.

Now it happened on this particular festal day that in a certain home expectation stood on the very tip end of her great toe, for was not Ho-No, the slave boy, to go forth to celebrate with a paper lantern and two rockets all his very own?

The master of this little family slave was a grower of silkworms. His dwelling was on Fresh Fish Lane in a village on the Yang-tse River. The place had come

<sup>1</sup> The making of silk is supposed to have started in China hundreds of years ago, and for centuries the secret of silk making was carefully guarded by the Chinese. This story is interesting as being one of the many different accounts of how the knowledge spread to other parts of the world.

down to the worthy gentleman from his ancestors, who had all been in the same business. Hence it was that every shelf and corner in every part of the old house was filled with bamboo baskets and trays which had held the cocoons of generations of silkworms. Joined to the back of the house was a long, narrow room with horizontal rows of bamboo poles extending from one end to the other just under the ceiling. From these poles, at that season of the year, hung the strips of cloth which held the eggs of the silkworms.

It was in this atmosphere of silkworms that the slave boy, Ho-No, had spent the fifteen years of his life. How well he could feed and care for the wriggling black things, and how skillfully he could heat the cocoons in which they wound themselves for their last sleep! If Ho-No's mistress shook him by the nose, which she frequently did, it was not from bad temper; it was rather because she thought it good for him to be always busy. And if she sent him to sleep without supper, it was because she feared that too much eating might give him bad dreams. And if his lofty master jerked him about by his queue, it was because that gentleman felt sure that a boy ought to work sixteen hours a day to become a useful man.

But now the great Festival of the Cocoons had come, and Ho-No's heart was filled with joy. Each year the evening of this day was his to do with as he pleased.

"Te-he-he! I can see the rockets now," he

chuckled, squatting in the corner behind a pile of baskets. "A short time, yes, a very short time now, and I go forth to the square. There I shall set off my rockets. I hope they will have dragons with fiery eyes."

But a loud, sharp knock on the street gong instantly put an end to these visions, and Ho-No, fearful lest his master should be at his heels with a bamboo stick, ran to the door. A moment later he put a letter into his master's hand, leaving the outer door open behind him.

Now the silkworm grower was a man of hasty temper, and as he read, frowns and ugly looks, so familiar to Ho-No, appeared on his face. When he had finished reading, he turned the letter over and over in his hands, his anger growing the while. Then glaring at the slave boy, he inquired roughly, "You go forth to the square this night, do you?"

"If my highly honored and most respected master will allow," the boy answered, with a bow that brought his forehead quite to the floor.

"By the black dragon and smoking serpent, you shall remain behind the locks when we go forth," burst out the angry master. "So be off to your work."

Ho-No knew entreaty would be worse than useless. He went silently away, bursting into a flood of bitter tears when he was alone.

"I thought it a thing certain," he sobbed, "that



my tower-of-wisdom master wished me to go forth this night. Could anything have been in the letter causing him to change his noble mind?"

Meanwhile the silkworm grower, his wife, and serving people prepared to join their friends in the festivities on the public square. The head of the household explained to his wife, saying, "An unknown but gracious friend sent me a letter advising me to keep the boy Ho-No from the square this night, for the unpleasant mouse plans to escape to the edges of the world."

With this explanation the company set forth and turned the key in the heavy door, leaving Ho-No sorrowful within. With his head against the closed door, the unhappy youth wept as though his heart would split into a thousand splinters.

"My honored master has done me great wrong," he sobbed aloud.

"The wrong is now righted," observed a little voice from somewhere.

The sound of a human voice pleased the lonely boy. He listened, then ventured to look about him. His amazement was great upon seeing a round head rising from a certain large water jar in the corner of the room.

"Don't be frightened," came from the round head, as it continued to ascend above the neck of the earthen vessel, followed in turn by a short, thin body; and the good-humored face of a jolly little Persian monk beamed like a full moon upon the bewildered Ho-No.

"I say," continued the cheery stranger, "the wrong is now righted. The letter I gave you caused your master to lock you in. While you delivered it I squeezed into this water pot, from which it pleases me well to escape. This night you go with me where you need no longer fear your master. So now make haste and produce the key to yon chamber. I would have the eggs your master guards so carefully."

Ho-No felt that a friend was speaking, and without a word took the key and unlocked the chamber. The two entered the room and found the rows of poles hung full of the strips of cloth to which were sticking the tiny eggs. The monk took a slender bamboo cane from beneath his cloak and filled the hollow upper end with the eggs. Ho-No then locked the door and returned the key to the precise spot from which he had taken it.

"Now," exclaimed the little man, "I am content. I have the prize I have been trying for two years to get. Let us be off. We must be a league down the river when the master returns."

"How shall we escape? My master has the key," observed the boy.

"Easily," replied the man.

The lower windows of the house were secured with iron bars, but those on the upper floor were free. "Let us go above," said the monk, and Ho-No led the way to an upper room and out on to a small balcony. Upon

one of the posts that supported the balcony the nimble little man was not long in sliding to the ground. After some hesitation and a few unsuccessful attempts Ho-No followed.

The streets about Fresh Fish Lane were deserted. The two, therefore, made their way unseen to the river and were soon climbing over the side of a junk that seemed to be waiting for them. On the bow of the boat stood a man similar in appearance to the monk himself. He was in fact a friend, who had shared all his wanderings in the Far East. When the newcomers were safely aboard, the second monk signaled to the captain, and the boat at once headed down the stream.

During their two years' stay in China, these men from the Western world had learned to speak Chinese well enough to make Ho-No understand. They explained to him that their home was in a far country and that they wished him to go to that country with them, there to care for the worms that would come from the precious eggs hidden away in the end of the bamboo cane.

Ho-No had no love for his home, his master, or his mistress, and he was quite ready to go with his new friends.

After months and months of toilsome traveling, the three friends reached the city of Constantinople. There it was that the eggs were taken from the bam-

boo cane and the worms reared upon the leaves of the wild mulberry; there the worms spun cocoons; and there Ho-No taught the weavers to weave the silken threads into the beautiful fabric we now call silk. And thus it happened that China lost the secret of silk making which for centuries she had carefully guarded.

## A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY

[Before reading what follows, turn to page 140 and write down all the things you see in the picture. Then tell the story of the picture in your own words. Does the picture suggest anything, or teach a lesson?]

Nearly every child has a pet of some kind. Perhaps your favorite is a dog such as this one. The painting is by Sir Edwin Landseer, and the original hangs in the National Gallery of British Art in London, England. Other famous paintings by the same artist are "Saved," and "Shoeing the Bay Mare."

The dog in this picture is a great Newfoundland. His body is white, but his head, except for a patch of white on his nose, is black. He is lying on a stone block to which an iron ring is fastened. Water is lapping against the stone, and in the distance are a few sea gulls. Evidently this is a pier extending out into the ocean, and the ring is a mooring for a boat.

Though the dog is resting, we imagine, from his alert



*Landseer*

A DISTINGUISHED MEMBER OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY

look, that he is watching for some one. Perhaps he is looking for a life guard, hoping that he may go out with him in the boat.

By the shadow near the dog's paw we know that the sun is shining. But the sky does not look very bright. Perhaps the dog feels something in the air that suggests a storm, and knows that he may be needed.

This picture reminds me of a true story of a Newfoundland dog. He belonged to two little boys who lived near the ocean, and was their constant companion and guardian. One day when the waves were high, the children noticed a large ship in distress not far from shore. There was not another boat in sight, and no small boat, setting out from land, could live in such a sea. What could be done? Though the villagers gathered on the shore, there was nothing they could do until, remembering what a fine swimmer their dog was, the boys suggested a way in which he might help. A rope, with a life-saving basket at the other end, was attached to the dog. He swam out to the sinking boat, and when passengers had been placed in the basket, swam back to land again. Time after time he made the trip, and in the end twenty-two lives were saved. His reward was a medal bearing the inscription, "To a brave dog who, at the risk of his own life, saved many from a watery grave."

Newfoundland dogs are natural swimmers. Their paws are webbed, and when opened are used in the

manner of paddles. Then, too, the weight of sometimes one hundred and fifty pounds makes these dogs strong and powerful swimmers, able to battle against the swiftest currents. Because of their strength and fearlessness they are of great service to the Life Saving Guards along the coast.

No doubt the Newfoundland dog in Landseer's picture, like the one in the story, has saved many lives.

### 23. STEAM

Who has not seen a big steam locomotive as it plowed its way through the country at the wonderful speed of a mile every minute? Who has not seen the mighty steamboat as it glided gracefully through the water? Almost every one living to-day has the chance to see these things, yet this privilege was denied to kings and emperors of former times. The reason for this is that the train and the steamboat were never known before the last century.

It seems strange that the world had to wait so long before steam could be made to help man in his work, because man has been interested in steam for over two thousand years. More than a century before the dawn of the Christian era we find records of the first efforts to use steam. A fire was built under a water boiler, and when the water boiled, steam came up through a pipe and turned a movable part around.

While this ancient engine did not do anything except to make people think along a new line, it nevertheless contained the elements of the steam engine of to-day — fire, a water boiler, and steam. From time to time after this, other people tried to make more use of steam, but they added only a little to what was already known. A steam wagon was made, over five hundred years ago, but it was of very little service.

The great date in the history of the use of steam is the year 1769, and the great name is that of James Watt, an Englishman. He had studied all about steam engines and steam wagons. Watching the tea-kettle as the water boiled, and hearing the steam inside rattle the cover when the spout was closed, he thought that some means should be devised by which the power of steam could be made useful to man. So he made a steam engine himself, on a different plan from those made before his time. He succeeded in making something much better than anything which had ever existed before. For his great work he is known to-day as "the father of the steam engine." Just think how proud a man must feel when he does something which no one before his time has been able to do!

After Watt's invention, things began to move rapidly in applying steam to man's use. Factories were started in which the machinery was made to go by steam, and many things which had formerly been made by hand in people's homes were now made in factories



by machinery. The "age of steam" had come upon the world and had brought with it the industrial revolution, of which you will learn later in your study of United States history.

In the United States there lived a man by the name of Robert Fulton. He had an idea that steam could be used to make boats go through the water. The people to whom he told his idea thought that he was foolish, and they laughed at the notion of doing away with sails and oars. When Fulton was a young man, he made a small boat with paddle wheels on the sides. He ran a bent bar of iron from one wheel to the other, like an axle, across the boat. When he turned the axle with his hand, the paddle wheels went round, and the boat moved through the water. Now he wondered if he could not make steam turn the axle, just as his hand had turned it. His friends could not believe that this was possible.

Fulton did not mind what his friends said, but decided to build a boat according to his own ideas. He called it the *Clermont*. It was a long boat, with a high smokestack and a big paddle wheel on each side, and it looked very funny to the people of that time. There were no sails, and oars could not move it because of its size. While it was docked in the Hudson River, New York City, a great many jokes were made about its strange appearance.

The day came when the trial trip was to be taken.

A vast number of people came out to see the show, crowding the dock and the shores of the river. Every one expected the experiment to fail, and was ready to have a good laugh at "Fulton's folly," as the *Clermont* was called. At last everything was ready. All eyes were turned on the boat, and when the signal to start was given the great crowd became silent.

What was that going on before their very eyes? The big paddle wheel began to turn and the boat began to move. Those who came to laugh now started to cheer. They were witnessing one of the greatest inventions of all time. No longer did they talk of Fulton's folly, but rather of his wonderful genius. The boat, in the meantime, moved out into midstream and turned north up the Hudson River. It went without a stop to Clermont on the Hudson, a distance of one hundred and ten miles, and after twenty-four hours went forty miles farther on, to Albany. This was the beginning of successful steam navigation, and the name of Fulton, inventor of the *Clermont*, became one of the greatest in the world.

It was not long before hundreds of other steamboats were built, and they sailed on nearly every large river in the country. As time went on, larger and larger steamboats were built, until finally one was made large enough and strong enough to sail across the Atlantic Ocean. In the meantime a steam engine was made that could draw a train over land, and the railroad began to join one part of our great country to another.

What a wonderful help steam has been to man ! For thousands of years attempts were made to use it successfully, but without result. Finally, James Watt did what those before him had failed to do, and his success paved the way for the work of others who were quick to follow his lead.

## THE SONG OF STEAM

Harness me down with your iron bands,  
Be sure of your curb and rein,  
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands  
As the tempest scorns a chain.  
How I laughed, as I lay concealed from sight  
For many a countless hour,  
At the childish boasts of human might,  
And the pride of human power !

When I saw an army upon the land,  
A navy upon the seas,  
Creeping along, a snail-like band,  
Or waiting the wayward breeze ;  
When I marked the peasant faintly reel  
With the toil that he daily bore,  
As he feebly turned the tardy wheel,  
Or tugged at the weary oar ;

When I measured the panting courser's speed,  
The flight of the carrier dove,

As they bore the law a king decreed,  
Or the lines of impatient love,  
I could but think how the world would feel,  
As these were outstripped afar,  
When I should be bound to the rushing keel,  
Or chained to the flying car!

Ha! ha! ha! they found me at last,  
They invited me forth at length,  
And I rushed to my throne with a thunder blast,  
And I laughed in my iron strength.  
Oh! then ye saw a wondrous change  
On the earth and ocean wide,  
Where now my fiery armies range,  
Nor wait for wind or tide.

The ocean pales wherever I sweep,  
To hear my strength rejoice,  
And monsters of the briny deep  
Cower, trembling, at my voice.  
I carry the wealth of the lord of earth,  
The thoughts of his godlike mind;  
The wind lags after my going forth,  
The lightning is left behind.

In the darksome depths of the fathomless mine  
My tireless arm doth play,  
Where the rocks ne'er saw the sun's decline,  
Or the dawn of the glorious day.

I bring earth's glittering jewels up  
From the hidden caves below,  
And I make the fountain's granite cup  
With a crystal gush o'erflow.

I blow the bellows, I forge the steel,  
In all the shops of trade ;  
I hammer the ore, and turn the wheel,  
Where my arms of strength are made ;  
I manage the furnace, the mill, the mint ;  
I carry, I spin, I weave ;  
And all my doings I put into print  
On every Saturday eve.

I've no muscles to weary, no brains to decay,  
No bones to be laid on the shelf ;  
And soon I intend you may go and play,  
While I manage the world myself.  
But harness me down with your iron bands,  
Be sure of your curb and rein,  
For I scorn the strength of your puny hands,  
As the tempest scorns a chain.

GEORGE W. CUTTER

## WHY THE ROBIN BRINGS THE SPRING

Our own North American Indians said that the robin brings the spring, and our poets have sung many times about this story. But the Indians did not agree among themselves just how it came about that the

robin brought the spring. Some said one thing, some another. All the stories have a meaning and most of them are based on the fact that as the Indian boy grew to manhood and was old enough to take his place among the braves, he had to pass through a test to show that he was worthy. The boy was made to fast for some days and during his fast, Manitou, the Indian god, or the clan spirit, was supposed to come to visit him. If the boy was unable to endure the test, he would be forever despised.

Once there was an Indian boy, the son of a noted chief. The boy had been trained to the chase and the trails of the warpath. He led in all games; he was the swiftest runner and could throw the arrow farthest of any of the boys. He knew the forests and the streams, and had taught the wild game to know him. He could imitate the calls of the birds, and they would flock around him. If he wandered late in the forest, he had no fear of the prowling animals. He was as glad to meet the bear or the wolf as to meet his friends in his father's lodge, for they seemed to know him and passed silently by. The boy was the pride of the village and the boast of his father, who believed that he would be a great chief.

The time of his dream fast came. He must fast at least ten days, and his clan spirit must appear to him in the form of a bird, animal, reptile, fish, tree, plant, or root. The snows were deep and the winds

keen, but the boy was young and his blood like fire, and he welcomed the fast. To endure, that was his birthright and his boast.

He built his lodge out of young saplings in the heart of the woods. He covered it with branches of green hemlock to shelter him from the snows, and taking off his furs and appealing to the spirit of his clan, he went in.

His fast had begun, and he was alone with his thoughts. He had been kind and happy. No frown had come to his forehead, nor sorrow to his life, and now his manhood was approaching. Ten suns were to pass above him; ten nights for his dream. If the spirit of the deer should come to him, he would wind its soft skin about him to warn away the cold winds; if the bear, he would string its strong claws to wear around his neck; if the wolf, his white teeth would guard him from danger; if the turtle, his shell would be a breastplate; if a bird, his wings would adorn him. He had no thought but faith in his dreaming.

Nine days lighted the forest; nine nights darkened the lodge. The tenth day dawned frowning and gloomy, and the chiefs came. They shook the lodge poles and bade him appear.

"Not to-day," said the boy. "I have to see the clan spirit three times, and, although I have fasted and prayed, the clan spirit has come but once. Return to-morrow."

Again on the morrow the chiefs came. "One day more," pleaded the boy, although his voice was very weak; for if the dream did not come, the chiefs would set him free and he would depart unhappy and in disgrace.

Again on the morrow the chiefs came. They announced that the time was past, and again he begged for one day more.

"If the spirit doesn't come by to-morrow," he said, "I'll go. To-morrow I will depart with you."

His voice was weak and the chiefs were anxious. Cautiously they parted the hemlock branches and they saw the boy panting.

On the morrow the chiefs again shook the lodge pole. There was no response. A strange silence had fallen over the forest.

The awed chiefs wondered and entered the lodge. The boy was not there, but a bird flew down to a branch over the lodge and began to speak.

— Adapted

[For the rest of this very interesting story, read "Why-So Stories," by EDWIN GILE RICH.]

## 24. THE BARGAIN

After a fortunate, but for me a very troublesome voyage, we finally reached the port. The instant the boat touched land, I loaded myself with my few things, and, passing through the swarming people, I entered



the first house before which I saw hanging the sign of an inn. I requested a room; the servant measured me with a look and led me into the garret. I caused fresh water to be brought and made him exactly describe to me where I should find Mr. Thomas John.

“Before the north gate; the first country house on the right hand; a large new house of red and white marble with many columns.”

“Good,” I replied.

It was still early in the day. I opened at once my bundle and took thence my new black coat. I clad myself cleanly in my best clothes, put my letter of introduction into my pocket, and set out.

When I had climbed the long North Street and reached the gate, I soon saw the pillars glimmer through the trees. Mr. John received me very well, — as a rich man receives a poor one, — even turned towards me, without leaving the rest of the company, and took the offered letter from my hand. “So, so, from my brother. I have heard nothing from him for a long time.”

He broke the seal, then smiled at me and said, “Stay here, my good friend; in a while I shall perhaps have time to tell you what I think about this.” He pointed to the letter, which he then thrust into his pocket, and turned again to the company. He offered his arm to a young lady, the other gentlemen addressed themselves to other fair ones, and all walked towards

a rose-blossomed mount, from the other side of which the company could enjoy a wide view over the green park to the boundless ocean.

The view from the hill was in reality vast and splendid. A light point appeared on the horizon between the dark ocean and the blue of the heaven. "A telescope here!" cried Mr. John; and already, before the servants who appeared at the call were in motion, a gray man, modestly bowing, had thrust his hand into his coat pocket, drawn from it a beautiful telescope, and handed it to Mr. John. I gazed in wonder at the man, and could not understand how the great machine had come out of the narrow pocket. But this seemed to have struck no one else, and nobody troubled himself any further about the gray man than about myself.

The company would have liked to sit upon the lawn on the slope of the hill, opposite to the outstretched landscape, had they not feared the dampness of the earth. "It would be fine," said one of the party, "had we but a Turkey carpet to spread here." The wish was scarcely expressed when the man in the gray coat had his hand in his pocket, and was busied in drawing out a rich Turkey carpet interwoven with gold. The servants received it as a matter of course and opened it on the spot. The company at once took their places upon it. For myself, I looked again in amazement at the man — at the carpet, which measured about twenty paces

long and ten in breadth — and rubbed my eyes, not knowing what to think of it, especially as nobody saw anything extraordinary in it.

The sun began now to shine more powerfully, and to trouble the ladies. One of them spoke carelessly to the gray man, asking him whether he “had not, perhaps, also a tent by him?” He answered her by a low bow, as if an honor were done him, and already had his hand in his pocket, out of which I saw come canvas, poles, cordage, iron-work, — in short, everything which belongs to the most splendid pleasure-tent. The young gentlemen helped to open it, and it covered the whole extent of the carpet, and nobody found anything remarkable in it.

I resolved to steal away from the company, which, from the small part I played in it, seemed to me an easy affair. I had already succeeded in stealing through the rose garden and, on descending the hill, found myself on a piece of lawn. Fearing to be met in crossing the grass, I cast an inquiring glance around me. What was my terror to behold the man in the gray coat behind me, and making towards me! The next moment he took off his hat before me and bowed lower than any one had ever yet done to me. There was no doubt but that he wished to speak to me, and without being rude I could not stop it. I also took off my hat, bowed, and stood there in the sun with bare head as if rooted to the ground. I stared at him full of terror,

and was like a bird which a serpent has fascinated. He himself appeared very much embarrassed. He did not raise his eyes, again bowed repeatedly, drew nearer, and addressed me in a soft, trembling voice :

“During the short time that I have had the happiness to find myself near you, I have, sir, many times noticed with admiration the beautiful shadow which you cast from you in the sunshine. The noble shadow at your feet there! Pardon me, but possibly you might not be unwilling to make this shadow over to me.”

“Ha ! ha ! good friend, have not you then enough of your own shadow? . I take this for a business of a very unusual sort — ”

He hastily interrupted me : “I have many things in my pocket which, sir, might not appear worthless to you ; and for this shadow I hold the very highest price too small.”

It struck cold through me again as I was reminded of the pocket, and I wondered how I could have called him good friend. I continued the conversation and sought to set all right again by politeness if possible.

“But, sir, pardon your most humble servant ; I do not understand your meaning. How indeed could my shadow — ”

He interrupted me.

“ I beg your permission only to be allowed to take up this noble shadow and put it in my pocket ; as to how

I shall do it, leave that to me. On the other hand, as a proof of my gratitude to you, I will give you a luck-purse."

"A luck-purse!" I exclaimed, interrupting him; and great as my fear was, with that one word he had taken my whole mind captive. A dizziness seized me, and double coins seemed to glitter before my eyes.

"Honored sir, will you do me the favor to look at and to try this purse?" He thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out a large, well-sewed purse of stout Cordovan leather, with two strong strings, and handed it to me. I plunged my hand into it and drew out ten gold pieces, and again ten. I extended him eagerly my hand. "Agreed! the business is done; for the purse you have my shadow!"

He instantly knelt down before me, and I beheld him with the greatest skillfulness, gently loosen my shadow from top to toe from the grass, lift it up, roll it together, fold it, and finally pocket it. He arose, made me another bow, and walked back towards the rose garden. I fancied that I heard him there softly laughing to himself.

I now hastened to leave the place where I had nothing more to expect. In the first place I filled my pockets with gold; then I fastened the strings of the purse fast round my neck, and hid the purse itself in my bosom. I passed unnoticed out of the park, reached the highway, and took the road to the city. As, sunk

in thought, I approached the gate, I heard a cry behind me :

"Young gentleman! eh! young gentleman! hear you!"

I looked round ; an old woman called after me.

"Do take care, sir, you have lost your shadow!"

"Thank you, good mother!" I threw her a gold piece and stopped under the trees.

At the city gate I was compelled to hear again from the sentinel, "Where has the gentleman left his shadow?" And immediately again from some women, "The poor fellow has no shadow!" That began to annoy me, and I became especially careful not to walk in the sun. This, however, was not possible everywhere ; for instance, over the broad street I must next take — actually, as mischief would have it, at the very moment the boys came out of school. A rogue spied out instantly that I had no shadow. He shouted the fact to the whole assembled street youth of the neighborhood, who began then to criticize me and to pelt me with mud. "Decent people are accustomed to take their shadows with them when they go into the sunshine."

To defend myself from them I threw whole handfuls of gold amongst them, and sprang into a coach. As soon as I found myself alone in the rolling carriage, I began to weep bitterly. What in the world could and would become of me !

ADELBERT VON CHAMISSO

## 25. THE TRANSFORMED MOUSE

In India there is a river called the Ganges, whose billows are flecked with white foam made by the fish that dart in terror at the roar of its mighty waters. Along the craggy shores of the river is a place where certain holy people live. Most of their time is spent in prayer and fasting. They drink nothing but the purest water, and very little of that. They eat only bulbs, roots, fruits, and water-plants. Their garments are made of leafy fiber.

There was one among these people who, having bathed in the river, was about to rinse his mouth, according to religious custom, when into his hand, from the beak of a hawk flying overhead, there fell a little mouse. The wise man laid the mouse upon a leaf, bathed again and rinsed his mouth, and then by the power of his holiness he changed the mouse into a little girl. He took her with him to his home, and said to his wife, who was childless, "My dear, take this girl as your daughter, and bring her up carefully."

So the wife reared her, and loved her, and cared for her till she grew up, and then she said to her husband, "Seest, O husband, that the time for our daughter's marriage is slipping by?"

"Quite right," said he, "so if she is agreed, I will summon the exalted sun-god and give her to him as his wife."

"The very thing!" said his wife. "Do so."

So the man called the sun. And such was the power of his summons, which was made up of words of the Scripture, that the sun came instantly, saying, "Reverend sir, didst thou call me?"

He answered, "Here is my daughter. If she will but choose thee, then take her." And to his daughter he spoke, "My child, does the exalted sun, the light of the three worlds, please thee?"

The girl said, "Father, he is too scorching. I like him not. Call me some one more powerful than he."

Then said the man to the sun, "Exalted one, is there any one mightier than thou?"

And the sun said, "There is one mightier than I, — the cloud; for he covers me, and then none can see me."

So the man called the cloud, and said, "Daughter, to him do I give thee."

"He is too dark and cold," answered she; "so give me to some other mightier being."

Then the sage asked the cloud, "O cloud, is there any mightier even than thou?"

"The wind is mightier than I," said the cloud. "When the wind strikes me, I am torn to a thousand shreds."

So the sage called the wind and said, "Daughter, does the wind please thee best for a husband?"



"Father, he is too fickle. Bring hither some one mightier even than he."

And the sage said, "O wind, is any mightier than thou?"

And the wind made answer, "The mountain is mightier than I; for strong as I am, it braces itself and withstands me."

So the wise man called the mountain and said, "Daughter, to him do I give thee."

She answered, "Father, he is too hard and unyielding. Give me to some other one."

So the sage asked the mountain, "O king of mountains, is there any mightier even than thou?"

And the mountain said, "The mice are mightier than I; for it is they that tear and rend my body apart."

So the sage called a mouse, and showed him to her, and said, "Daughter, to him do I give thee. Does the king of the mice please thee?"

And she, showing her joy at the thought that this one at last was of her own kind, said, "Father, make me a mouse again, and let me marry the king of the mice. He is the mightiest and noblest of them all. Make me once more a mouse and let me live my life after the manner of my kind."

So he made her a mouse again and gave her to the king of mice.

PILPAY



*Landseer*

SHOEING THE BAY MARE

## SHOEING THE BAY MARE

[Before reading what follows, turn to page 161 and write down all the things you see in the picture. Then tell the story of the picture in your own words. Does the picture suggest anything, or teach a lesson?]

Do you remember the name of the artist who was so fond of painting animals? What two pictures of his have you already studied? Here is another painting which helped to make him famous. It is called "Shoeing the Bay Mare."

The horse, a beautiful light bay with shiny coat, is standing in a blacksmith's shop, while the smith nails a shoe to one of her hind feet. Her head is turned as if to watch the progress of the work. The blacksmith stands in a stooping position behind the horse, holding her hoof between his knees. He wears a leather apron, and his shirt sleeves are rolled above his elbows, showing the strong muscles in his arms. At his side is a box containing tools. A small bench within reach of his hand contains several horseshoes. In the distance one can dimly see the bellows which the smith uses to blow the fire for his forge.

But the horse and the blacksmith are not alone in the shop. Two bystanders have dropped in and are watching with the greatest interest while the mare is being shod. One is a knowing looking little donkey, which, saddled and bridled, stands just in front of the horse. The other is a large hound. He has evidently

been lying stretched out near the door but has half risen in order that he may the better see just what is going on. Another spectator — a tiny feathered one — is probably watching from the cage which hangs from the ceiling of the shop.

The door of this shop is in two parts, so that the top and bottom may be opened separately. When the top part only is open, the air and sunshine can enter freely, and yet at the same time the horses or other animals inside cannot stray away. This makes it possible for the blacksmith to give all his attention to his work.

One can read a story in this picture just by studying the expressions on the faces of the animals. The bay mare looks very gentle as she stands there, and yet there is something about those ears laid back against her head and the expression in her eyes which shows that she is a little uneasy after all. Do you wonder? She is standing perfectly still, however, for she has learned by experience that it is best to be patient while this trying work is being done.

Though the donkey is watching the performance, he shows no fear. He has very likely been here many times and considers the smith an old friend. Then, too, he may have a long time to wait before his young master or mistress comes to claim him, and where could he find more agreeable companions?

With whom do you think the dog came? Does he belong to the boy or girl who owns the donkey, or is

he the horse's companion? It does not look as if he belonged in the blacksmith's shop, for he is watching the horseshoeing as if he were not accustomed to it. It may be that he is afraid of the sparks from the forge and so keeps a safe distance.

Have you ever watched a horse being shod? The blacksmith tries a shoe on the horse's foot, and if it does not fit, he thrusts it in the hot coals of his forge. When red hot, he places it on his anvil, holding it there with his heavy iron tongs while he pounds it into shape. After cooling it in water, he again tries it on. He sometimes has to do this many times before the shoe fits. He then nails it securely to the horse's hoof.

The flaming forge, the flying sparks, the sharp clang of the hammer on the anvil, and the swiftness and sureness with which the blacksmith shapes the shoe — all these make the blacksmith's shop a place of never-failing interest to children. It is a place, too, which is celebrated in poetry as well as in painting. If you read Longfellow's poem, "The Village Blacksmith," you will find that it beautifully describes much that we see in this very picture.

## 26. WEAPONS

In some one of the parks of nearly every large city is a place called the "Zoo," where wild animals are kept. Here boys and girls who have been reading about foxes or lions or bears may see them actually living

and moving before their eyes. Since the animals are in cages, we feel safe within a very short distance of them. But if there were no iron bars between us and such savage beasts as the lions and wildcats, I wonder whether we should care to be so near!

Before being captured and sent to the Zoo, these animals prowled about in the wilds of Africa or South America or other parts of the world. No doubt the hunters who captured some of them risked their lives in doing so. If all animals ran away whenever they saw a man approaching, as some of the smaller ones do, we should not fear them. But every animal will fight when cornered, and some of them will even make an attack. Lions and tigers have been known to seize people and kill them. Wolves usually travel in packs, and sometimes will even attack a number of men and horses at one time. Were it not for the guns and knives which he has learned to use, even the boldest hunter would not dare to go through the wilds where these animals live.

Yet there was a time, thousands and thousands of years ago, when beasts even larger and more powerful than those we have seen roamed through the forests. In those days it was the animals who did the hunting, and the human beings who ran away. The animals, with their long tusks and powerful claws, were well armed. But man had no weapons. To be sure, once a man was safe in his cave, half way up

the face of a high cliff, he could throw rocks down upon the tiger or any other animal who tried to follow him. But when he himself was on the ground even rocks were small protection. Branches, torn from trees, could be used to strike with. But these, too, were rough and difficult to handle.

Fortunately, even in those far-away days, man had two advantages over the animals: he could think, and he could use his hands. So, while the beasts went on fighting with their teeth and claws, man began to wonder what he could find or make that would help him to overcome them.

First of all he needed a tool sharp enough to cut wood. In many parts of the world a kind of very hard stone called flint was plentiful. With sharp-edged pieces of this stone man probably made his first weapons — wooden clubs and knives and spears. The clubs could be used in killing small animals, and the knives in cutting them to pieces. Neither the clubs, nor the dull wooden knives were of much use in dealing with the larger animals. But the spears were really valuable weapons. They were long, and sharply pointed, and could be thrown from a distance with such force and accuracy that even the larger animals had reason to fear them. Little by little man, instead of being hunted by the animals, was beginning to hunt them.

As man learned that besides shaping wood he could

chip and polish stone, he made new tools and better weapons. The first hatchets had had no handles. But now stones were fixed to wooden handles, and hammers and axes were made which could be used either as tools or weapons. With his new tools, which had sharper edges than the earlier ones, man found it possible to cut and shape bone and reindeer horn. His spears, instead of being entirely of wood, were now barbed with stone or ivory, and he carried a flint dagger.

But perhaps the most useful weapon of all was the bow and arrow. Arrows could be shot from such a distance that the hunter himself was able to keep well out of the way of the animal which he was attacking; and the sharp stone points of the arrow were deadly to large and small animals alike. Later, weapons were improved by the use of metal. But the bow and arrow were still used, both in hunting and in warfare. As late as 1346 A.D., — ages and ages after the invention of this weapon by the men of the Stone Age, — bows and arrows were used in winning the famous battle of Crécy in France. But with the invention of gunpowder, shortly after this, new weapons and entirely new methods of hunting and fighting were introduced.

Until man began to use his wits, he had no way of successfully defending himself against wild animals. Empty-handed he was no match for them. But



once he had learned to make weapons, he became more powerful than they. The beasts were driven farther and farther back into the forests, and man became master of the earth.

### FATHER WILLIAM

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,  
"And your hair has become very white;  
And yet you incessantly stand on your head —  
Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,  
"I feared it might injure the brain;  
But now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,  
Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,  
And have grown most uncommonly fat;  
Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door —  
Pray what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray  
locks,  
"I kept all my limbs very supple  
By the use of this ointment — one shilling the box —  
Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your jaws are  
too weak  
For anything tougher than suet;

Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the  
beak :

Pray, how did you manage to do it?"

"In my youth," said his father, "I took to the law,  
And argued each case with my wife;  
And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw,  
Has lasted the rest of my life."

"You are old," said the youth; "one would hardly  
suppose

That your eye was as steady as ever :

Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose —  
What made you so awfully clever?"

"I have answered three questions, and that is enough,"  
Said his father; "don't give yourself airs!  
Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?  
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs!"

LEWIS CARROLL

## THE LITTLE POSTBOY

I made my journey in the winter, because I was on  
my way to Lapland, where it is easier to travel when  
the swamps and rivers are frozen, and the reindeer-  
sled can fly along over the smooth snow.

I had my own little sled, filled with hay and covered  
with reindeer skins to keep me warm. So long as the  
weather was not too cold it was very pleasant to speed

along through the dark forests, over the frozen rivers, or past farm after farm in the sheltered valleys, up hill and down until long after the stars came out, and then to get a warm supper in some dark red post cottage, while the cheerful people sang or told stories around the fire.

At seven o'clock one evening I had still one more station of three Swedish miles before reaching the village where I had intended to spend the night. Now, a Swedish mile is nearly equal to seven English, so that this station was at least twenty miles long.

I decided to take supper while the horse was eating his feed. The keeper's wife, — a friendly, rosy-faced woman — prepared me some excellent coffee, potatoes, and stewed reindeer meat, upon which I made a satisfactory meal.

"It is a bad night," said the woman, "and my husband will certainly stay at Umea until morning. His name is Niels Petersen, and I think you will find him at the posthouse when you get there. Lars will take you, and they can come back together."

"Who is Lars?" I asked.

"My son," said she. "He is getting the horse ready. There is nobody else about the house to-night."

Just then the door opened, and in came Lars. He was about twelve years old; but his face was so rosy, his eyes so clear and round and blue, and his golden

hair was blown back from his face in such silky curls, that he appeared to be even younger. I was surprised that his mother should be willing to send him twenty miles through the dark woods on such a night.

"Come here, Lars," I said. Then I took him by the hand, and asked, "Are you not afraid to go so far to-night?"

He looked at me with wondering eyes, and smiled; and his mother made haste to say, "You need not fear, sir. Lars is young but he'll take you safe enough. If the storm doesn't get worse, you'll be at Umea by eleven o'clock."

I was again on the point of remaining; but while I was deliberating with myself, the boy had put on his overcoat of sheep skin, tied the lappets of his fur cap under his chin and a thick woolen scarf around his nose and mouth so that only the round blue eyes were visible, and then his mother took down the mittens of hare's fur from the stove, where they had been hung to dry. He put them on, took a short leather whip, and was ready.

I wrapped myself in my furs, and we went out together. The driving snow cut me in the face like needles, but Lars did not mind it in the least. He jumped into the sled, which he had filled with fresh, soft hay, tucked in the reindeer-skins at the sides, and we cuddled together on the narrow seat, making everything close and warm before we set out. I could not

see at all, when the door of the house was shut, and the horse started on the journey. The night was dark, the snow blew incessantly, and the dark fir trees roared all around us. Lars, however, knew the way, and somehow or other we kept the beaten track. He talked to the horse so constantly and so cheerfully, that after a while my own spirits began to rise, and the way seemed neither so long nor so disagreeable.

"Ho, there, Axel!" he would say. "Keep the road, — not too far to the left. Well done. Here's a level spot; now trot a bit."

So we went on, — sometimes up hill, sometimes down hill, — for a long time, as it seemed. I began to grow chilly, and even Lars handed me the reins, while he swung and beat his arms to keep the blood in circulation. He no longer sang little songs and fragments of hymns, as when we first set out; but he was not in the least alarmed, or even impatient. Whenever I asked (as I did about every five minutes), "Are we nearly there?" he always answered, "A little farther."

Suddenly the wind seemed to increase.

"Ah," said he, "now I know where we are; it's one mile more." But one mile, you must remember, meant seven.

Lars checked the horse, and peered anxiously from side to side in the darkness. I looked also but could see nothing.

"What is the matter?" I finally asked.

"We have got past the hills on the left," he said. "The country is open to the wind, and here the snow drifts worse than anywhere else on the road. If there have been no plows out to-night, we'll have trouble."

You must know that the farmers along the road are obliged to turn out with their horses and oxen, and plow out the drifts, whenever the road is blocked up by a storm.

In less than a quarter of an hour we could see that the horse was sinking in the deep snow. He plunged bravely forward, but made scarcely any headway, and presently became so exhausted that he stood quite still. Lars and I arose from the seat and looked around. For my part, I saw nothing except some very indistinct shapes of trees; there was no sign of an opening through them. In a few minutes the horse started again, and with great labor carried us a few yards farther.

"Shall we get out and try to find the road?" said I.

"It's no use," Lars answered. "In these new drifts we would sink to the waist. Wait a little, and we shall get through this one."

It was as he said. Another pull brought us through the deep part of the drift, and we reached a place where the snow was quite shallow. But it was not the hard, smooth surface of the road; we could feel that the ground was uneven, and covered with roots and bushes.

Bidding Axel stand still, Lars jumped out of the sled, and began wading around among the trees. Then I got out on the other side, but had not proceeded ten steps before I began to sink so deeply into the loose snow that I was glad to pull myself out and return. It was a desperate situation, and I wondered how we should ever get out of it.

[For the rest of this very interesting story, read "Boys of Other Countries," by BAYARD TAYLOR, published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.]

## 27. THE TALKATIVE TORTOISE

Once there dwelt a tortoise in a certain pond in the region of Himalaya. Two young wild geese searching for food struck up an acquaintance with him, and by and by they grew to be close friends. One day these two said to him, "Friend tortoise, we have a lovely home in Himalaya in a cave of gold! Will you come with us?"

"Why," said he, "how can I get there?"

"Oh, we will take you, if only you can keep your mouth shut, and say not a word to anybody."

"Yes, I can do that," said he. "Take me along!"

So they made the tortoise hold a stick between his teeth; and taking hold of the two ends themselves, they flew up into the air.

The village children saw this and exclaimed, "There are two geese carrying a tortoise by a stick!"

The tortoise wanted to cry out, "Well, and if my friends do carry me, what is that to you?" But before he could utter the words, he let go the stick from between his teeth, and falling into the open courtyard, he split in two.

What an uproar there was! "A tortoise has fallen into the courtyard, and broken in two!" they cried. The King with his Chief Counselor and all his court came up to the place and, seeing the tortoise, asked the Chief Counselor a question: "Wise sir, what made this creature fall?"

"Now's my time!" thought the wise man. "For a long while I have been wishing to advise the King, and I have gone about seeking my opportunity. No doubt the truth is this: the tortoise and the geese became friendly. The geese must have meant to carry him to Himalaya, and so made him hold a stick between his teeth, and then lifted him into the air. Then he must have heard some remark and wanted to reply. Not being able to keep his mouth shut, he must have let himself go; and so he must have fallen from the sky and thus come by his death."

So thought he; and then turning to the King, addressed him in these words:

"O King, they that have too much tongue, that know not when it is wise to keep silent, ever come to such misfortune as this."

Then he uttered the following verses:



“The tortoise needs must speak aloud,  
Although between his teeth  
A stick he bit ; yet, spite of it,  
He spoke — and fell beneath.

“And now, O mighty master, mark it well.  
See thou speak wisely, see thou speak in season.  
To death the tortoise fell :  
He talked too much, that was the reason.”

“He is speaking of me!” the King thought to himself ; and asked the Chief Counselor if it was so.

“Be it you, O great King, or be it another,” replied he, “whoever talks beyond measure comes by some misfortune of this kind.”

Thenceforward the King became a man of few words.

PILPAY

## 28. THE MAGIC SCYTHE

A certain day laborer once started from his home in the south to earn wages by cutting hay in the north country. He traveled on horseback, leading a couple of pack horses which carried his food, his tent, and other belongings. In the mountains he was suddenly overtaken by a thick mist and lost his way. Fearing to go on farther, he pitched his tent in a convenient spot and, taking out his provisions, began to eat.

While he was engaged upon his meal, a brown dog came into the tent, so ill favored, dirty, wet, and fierce-eyed that the poor man felt quite afraid of it, and gave

it as much bread and meat as it could devour. This the dog swallowed greedily, after which it ran off into the mist. At first the man wondered much to see a dog in such a wild place, where he did not expect to meet with a living creature. But after a while he thought no more about the matter and, having finished his supper, fell asleep with his saddle for a pillow.

At midnight he dreamed that he saw a tall and aged woman enter his tent. She addressed him in these words: "I am beholden to you, good man, for your kindness to my daughter, but am unable to reward you as you deserve. However, here is a scythe which I will place beneath your pillow; it is the only gift I can make you, but despise it not. It will surely prove useful to you, as it can cut down all that lies before it." So saying, she disappeared.

When the man awoke and looked forth, he found the mist all gone and the sun high in the heavens. Striking his tent and gathering all his belongings together, he placed them upon the pack horses, saddling last of all his own horse. But on lifting his saddle from the ground, he found beneath it a small scythe blade, much worn and very rusty. When he saw this, he at once recalled his dream and, taking the scythe with him, set out once more on his way. He soon found the road which he had lost, and made all speed to reach the well-peopled district to which he was bound.

When he arrived at the north country, he went from

house to house, but did not find any employment. Every farmer had laborers enough, and one week of harvest was already past. He heard it said, however, that one old woman in the district, generally thought by her neighbors to be skilled in magic and very rich, always began her hay-cutting a week later than anybody else. It was said, too, that, though she seldom employed a laborer, she always contrived in some way to finish the work by the end of the season. When by any chance — and it was a rare one — she did engage a workman, she was never known to pay him for his work.

Now the peasant from the south was advised to ask this old woman for employment, having been warned of her strange habits. He accordingly went to her house and offered himself to her as a day laborer. She accepted his offer and told him that he might, if he chose, work a week for her, but must expect no payment, “unless,” she said, “you can cut more grass in the whole week than I can rake on the last day of it.”

To these terms he gladly agreed and began mowing. And a very good scythe he found that to be which the woman had given him in his dream; for it cut well and never needed sharpening, though he used it five days without stopping. He was well content, too, with his place, for the old woman was kind enough to him.

One day, entering the forge next to her house, he

saw a vast number of scythe-handles and rakes and a big heap of blades, and wondered beyond measure what the old lady could want with all these. It was the fifth day — Friday — and while he was asleep that night, the same elf-woman whom he had seen upon the mountains came again to him and said: "Large as are the meadows you have mown, your employer will easily be able to rake to-morrow all the hay you have cut. If she does so, she will, as you know, drive you away without paying you. When, therefore, you see that she is getting the better of you, go into the forge, take as many scythe-handles as you think proper, fit their blades to them and carry them out into that part of the land where the hay is yet uncut. There you must lay them on the ground, and you will see what will happen."

She vanished, and in the morning the laborer set to work as usual at his mowing. At six o'clock the old witch came, bringing five rakes with her, and said to the man, "A goodly piece of ground you have mowed, indeed!"

So saying, she spread the rakes upon the hay. Then the man saw, to his astonishment, that, though the one she held in her hand raked in great quantities of hay, each of the other four raked in just as much, all of their own accord, and with no hand to wield them.

By noon he saw that the old woman would soon get the better of him. So he went into the forge and took

out several scythe-handles, to which he fixed their blades. He brought them out into the field and laid them down among the grass which was yet standing. Thereupon all the scythes set to work of their own accord, and cut down the grass so quickly that the rakes could not keep pace with them. And so they went on all the rest of the day, and the old woman was unable to rake in all the hay which lay in the fields.

After dark she told him to gather up his scythes and take them into the forge again, while she collected her rakes. Then she said to him: "You are wiser than I took you to be; and you know more than myself. So much the better for you, for you may stay with me as long as you like."

He spent the whole summer in her employment, and they agreed very well together, mowing with little trouble a large amount of hay. In the autumn she sent him home, well laden with money.

JÓN ARNASON

## A FASCINATING TALE

[Before reading what follows, write down all the things you see in the picture on the opposite page. Then tell the story of the picture in your own words. Does the picture suggest anything, or teach a lesson?]

Here are a cat and two kittens, all watching the same thing. What can it be that keeps them all so quiet and interested?



Ronner

# A FASCINATING TALE

The row of books and the inkwell show that the cat and kittens are on top of a desk or table. Beside the inkwell is a roll of papers, and sticking out from under the edge of the paper is something long and thin and wiggly, — a mouse's tail!

The white kitten is on all fours, her weight on her front paws, and her tail up. If she only dared, she would put one white paw forward, very carefully, just to see what the wiggly thing would do. The black kitten is not so ready to experiment. She is farther back than the white kitten, and is sitting down. But her ears, her eyes, and even her whiskers show how much she would like to know what is under that paper. The old cat, crouching on top of the books, is as interested as the kittens, and she is not afraid.

When the mouse looked out of his hole a few moments ago, all was quiet and peaceful. He thought this would be a wonderful chance to play. So he jumped up on the desk and was running merrily among the books and papers when he heard a sound he had been taught meant danger. Quick as a flash he hid. His head was under the papers, and he kept very still thinking himself unseen. But alas! — he had forgotten to hide his tail.

The kittens had been having a game through the house. Finding the library door open, in they ran. Up on a chair jumped the white one, and on to the table. It would be great fun to play among the books

and hide! The black kitten followed quickly, and then both stood perfectly still. What was that near the paper? Surely their mother had told them about just such a tail!

As they stood motionless, wondering what to do, their mother came into the library. How surprised she was to see her kittens standing so still! But mother cats are very wise. She knew something important must be happening. Very quietly and quickly she climbed upon the row of books. The kittens did not even hear her. Their eyes never left that tail. The old cat knew they were frightened, but she did not blame them, for they were very young. So she prepared to catch the mouse herself.

Do you think she will spring from the books and get him in one leap? Or will she keep very still until mousey, hearing no noise and hoping to get away safely, comes out? Do you think the little mouse has a chance with all three waiting so eagerly? His tail fascinates the cat and kittens, just as the tale of the picture interests us. Poor mouse! I am afraid he will soon be sorry that he strayed so far from his hole.

The cat and kittens are a long way from their basket also. If the master comes in and finds his books knocked over and his ink spilled, they will probably be punished. Then they, too, will wish that instead of going adventuring they had stayed at home.

The artist who painted this picture is Madame



Henriette Ronner. She must have been very fond of kittens and have known a great deal about them, to paint this interesting picture. Animals — even pets like these — do not willingly sit still for their pictures, and for that very reason they are difficult to paint. But this cat, and the kittens, look just as real ones do. We are used to seeing cats and kittens in our own homes, and if the ones in this picture did not look very natural, we should know it. Only a great artist can make scenes with which we are familiar seem so real.

## 29. AN EVENING MEAL

“Wasn’t that a fine dinner we had to-day?”

“Isn’t our mother the best cook in the world?”

“Those potatoes and that rice pudding and home-made bread, — did you ever taste anything so good before?”

William, James, and Ralph had just finished eating their evening meal after a long holiday spent out of doors.

They had come home from their outing prepared to eat everything in sight, just like other healthy boys and, after the usual “I hope mother has something good,” they had started to get ready for dinner. William and James were so anxious to get to the table that they washed only so much of their faces as could be seen by a near-sighted person, and had to be sent back twice to finish their task. Ralph was wiser,

however. He had learned that mother was very careful about the condition of the hands and faces of small boys before they start to eat, and he made a good job of it. Even though he was the last to begin his preparations, he was the first to reach the table. Finally, after a great deal of effort, the two other boys presented clean faces and hands, and took their places beside their wiser brother.

The meal went on without anything unusual happening. William had to be told several times that if he was not careful he would choke himself, so eager was he to satisfy his hunger, and mother expressed herself as very glad that she had cooked an extra large portion of everything.

Ralph was the youngest of the group, and he liked to ask questions.

"Where does flour come from?" said he, thinking of that fine homemade bread.

"From the store, of course," said William, who liked to give smart answers.

"I know that," said Ralph, "but where does it come from before it reaches the store? Who gets it first?"

James came to the rescue by saying, "Flour is made from wheat. The United States is one of the greatest wheat growing countries in the world. It grows more than enough wheat to feed all of its people."

"My goodness!" said Ralph. "My teacher once told us that there were over one hundred million people

in the United States. What a lot of wheat must be grown! It must be easy to raise it, since we can get so much of it."

"No," said William, who had now become serious, "it is not so easy as you may think. The seeds must be sown after the ground has been loosened and made ready. Getting the ground ready is the hard work. If we had no plows, very little could be grown."

"I saw a plow once," said Ralph. "It was drawn by two horses, and a man was holding on to the handles. It left a deep furrow in the ground as it passed."

"That's right," said William, "but that kind of plow would never do in the wheat country. It is too small. Plows out there are so big and heavy that even horses cannot pull them. They are drawn by big engines, called 'tractors,' and instead of cutting one furrow in the ground, they can cut several furrows at one time. They work like a number of plows tied together, and are called 'gang plows.'"

"Oh, now I see," said Ralph, "how it is that a great amount of wheat can be grown, when they have these engines and gang plows to work with."

"I read a story once," said James, "which told how people plowed in early days. At first they had no plow at all, but simply dug up the ground with a sharp stick. The first plow was probably the heavy limb of a tree having a sharp-pointed, smaller limb growing out of it. The soil was scratched up by dragging this

limb along the ground. In those days the work was done by men or women."

"That must have been hard work," said Ralph.

"It was," said James, "but as more plowing had to be done, horses and oxen were used."

"Did they have gang plows then?" asked Ralph.

"Oh, no," laughed James, "they did not even have a plow as good as the one you saw. For a long time plows were made entirely of wood. Little by little they were improved, so that they not only cut the ground, but at the same time lifted up the dirt and turned it over."

"That was a good idea," said William, "but didn't the wooden plows break easily?"

"Yes," said James, "but people used plows made principally of wood until about a hundred years ago, when the metal plow was introduced."

"Then farmers must be very important people in this world," said William.

"Indeed, they are," said James. "If you took everything from your table this evening that the farmers helped to put there, you would have left knives, forks, spoons, napkins, and a lot of empty plates."

"Then mother wouldn't have anything to cook," said smart William.

"And you would have nothing to eat," said James.

"I think I'll be a farmer when I grow up," said Ralph, "so as to keep my plate full all the time."

## THE WORLD'S MUSIC

The world's a very happy place,  
Where every child should dance and sing,  
And always have a smiling face,  
And never sulk for anything.

I waken when the morning's come,  
And feel the air and light alive  
With strange sweet music like the hum  
Of bees about their busy hive.

The linnets play among the leaves  
At hide-and-seek, and chirp and sing;  
While, flashing to and from the eaves,  
The swallows twitter on the wing.

The twigs that shake, and boughs that sway;  
And tall old trees you could not climb;  
And winds that come, but cannot stay,  
Are gayly singing all the time.

From dawn to dark the old mill-wheel  
Makes music, going round and round;  
And dusty-white with flour and meal,  
The miller whistles to its sound.

And if you listen to the rain  
When leaves and birds and bees are dumb,  
You hear it pattering on the pane  
Like Andrew beating on his drum.

The coals beneath the kettle croon,  
And clap their hands and dance in glee;  
And even the kettle hums a tune  
To tell you when it's time for tea.

The world is such a happy place,  
That children, whether big or small,  
Should always have a smiling face,  
And never, never sulk at all.

GABRIEL SETOUN

### "OPEN, SESAME"

There once lived in a town of Persia two brothers, one named Cassim and the other Ali Baba. Cassim married a very rich wife and became a wealthy merchant. Ali Baba married a woman as poor as himself, and lived by cutting wood and bringing it upon three donkeys into the town to sell.

One day when Ali Baba was in the forest and had just cut wood enough to load his donkeys, he saw at a distance a great cloud of dust, which seemed to approach him. He watched it with attention, and distinguished soon after a body of horsemen, whom he feared might be robbers. He determined to leave his donkeys in order to save himself. He climbed up a large tree growing on a high rock, whose branches were thick enough to hide him, and yet allowed him to see all that passed without being discovered.

The troop, who were to the number of forty, all well mounted and armed, came to the foot of the rock on which the tree stood and there dismounted. Every man unbridled his horse, tied him to some shrub, and hung about his neck a bag of corn. Then each of them took off his saddlebag, which seemed to Ali Baba to be full of gold and silver from its weight. One, whom he took to be their captain, came under the tree in which Ali Baba was hidden and, making his way through some shrubs, pronounced these words: "Open, Sesame!"

As soon as the captain of the robbers had thus spoken, a door in the rock opened, all his troop entered before him, and he followed them, when the door shut of itself.

The robbers stayed some time within the rock during which Ali Baba, fearful of being caught, remained in the tree.

At last the door opened again, and as the captain went in last, so he came out first, and stood to see them all pass by him. Then Ali Baba heard the words, "Shut, Sesame!" and the door in the rock closed. Every man at once went and bridled his horse, fastened his wallet, and mounted again. When the captain saw them all ready, he put himself at their head, and they returned the way they had come.

Ali Baba followed them with his eyes as far as he could see them; and afterward stayed some time in

the tree before climbing down. Remembering the words the captain of the robbers used to cause the door to open and shut, he had the curiosity to see if his speaking them would have the same effect. Accordingly, he went among the shrubs and, seeing the door hidden behind them, stood before it and said, "Open, Sesame!" The door in the rock instantly flew wide open.

Ali Baba, who expected a dark, dismal cavern, was surprised to see a large chamber, well lighted from an opening at the top of the rock, in which were all sorts of provisions, rich bales of silk, brocade, and valuable carpeting piled upon one another, gold and silver ingots in great heaps, and money in bags. The sight of all these riches made him suppose that this cave must have been occupied for ages by successive bands of robbers.

Ali Baba went boldly into the cave, and collected as many bags of gold coin as he thought his donkeys could carry. When he had loaded them with the bags, he laid wood over them in such a manner that the bags could not be seen. When he had passed in and out as often as he wished, he stood before the door, and, pronouncing the magic words, "Shut, Sesame!" the door closed of itself. He then made the best of his way to town.

When Ali Baba got home, he drove his donkeys into a little yard, shut the gates very carefully, threw off the



wood that covered the panniers, carried the bags into his house, and ranged them in order before his wife. He then emptied the bags, the contents of which made such a great heap of gold as dazzled his wife's eyes, and then he told her the whole adventure from beginning to end, and, above all, urged her to keep it secret.

The wife rejoiced greatly at their good fortune and wanted to count all the gold piece by piece. "Wife," replied Ali Baba, "you do not know what you undertake, when you try to count the money; you will never have done. I will dig a hole and bury it. There is no time to be lost."

"You are in the right, husband," replied she, "but let us know, as nearly as possible, how much we have. I will borrow a small measure, and measure it while you dig the hole."

Away the wife ran to her brother-in-law, Cassim, who lived near by, and addressing herself to his wife desired her to lend her a measure for a little while. Her sister-in-law bade her stay a little and she would readily fetch one.

As the sister-in-law knew Ali Baba's poverty, she was curious to learn what sort of grain his wife wanted to measure. So she artfully put some suet at the bottom of the measure, and brought it to her with the excuse that she was sorry that she had made her stay so long, but that she had been unable to find the measure sooner.

Ali Baba's wife went home, set the measure upon the heap of gold, filled it, and emptied it upon the sofa. She did this again and again till she had measured all the gold, and then went to tell her husband, who had almost finished digging the hole. While Ali Baba was burying the gold, his wife carried the measure back to her sister-in-law, but without taking notice that a piece of gold had stuck to the bottom.

"Sister," said she, "you see that I have not kept your measure long. I am obliged to you for it, and return it with thanks."

As soon as Ali Baba's wife was gone, Cassim's wife looked at the bottom of the measure and was speechless with surprise to find a piece of gold sticking to it. Envy immediately possessed her breast. "What!" said she. "Has Ali Baba gold so plentiful as to measure it? Whence has he all this wealth?"

Cassim, her husband, was at the counting-house. When he came home, his wife said to him, "Cassim, I know you think yourself rich, but Ali Baba is far richer than you. He does not count his money, but measures it." Cassim desired her to explain the riddle. This she did by telling him the trick she had played to find out about the gold. She also showed him the piece of money, which was so old that they could not tell in what prince's reign it had been coined.

Cassim, after he had married the rich widow, had never treated Ali Baba as a brother, but had neglected

him. And now, instead of being pleased, he felt a base envy of his brother's good fortune. He could not sleep all that night, and went to him before sunrise in the morning.

"Ali Baba," said he, "I am surprised at you. You pretend to be miserably poor, and yet you measure gold. My wife found this at the bottom of the measure you borrowed yesterday."

By this Ali Baba knew that through his wife's folly, Cassim and his wife had found out what there was so much reason to keep secret. But what was done could not be undone. Therefore, without appearing to be troubled, he confessed all and offered his brother part of the treasure to keep the secret.

"I expect as much," replied Cassim, haughtily, "but I must know exactly where this treasure cave is, and how I may visit it myself when I choose. Otherwise, I will go and inform against you, and then you will not only get no more, but will lose all you have, and I will have a share for my information."

Ali Baba told him all he desired, even to the very words he was to use to gain admission into the cave.

Cassim rose the next morning long before the sun, and set out for the forest with ten mules, bearing great chests — which he intended to fill — and followed the road which Ali Baba had pointed out.

[For the rest of this very interesting story read "Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" in "Arabian Nights."]

### 30. THE ANTELOPE, THE WOODPECKER, AND THE TORTOISE

Once upon a time an antelope lived within a forest, in a thicket near a certain lake. Not far from the same lake a woodpecker had his home at the top of a tree, and in the lake dwelt a tortoise. The three became friends and lived together peaceably.

A hunter, wandering about in the wood, observed the antelope's footprints in the path leading down to the water. He set a trap of leather, strong, like an iron chain, and went his way. In the first watch of the night the antelope went down to drink and was caught in the noose. At this he cried loud and long. Thereupon the woodpecker flew down from his tree top, the tortoise came out of the water, and the two consulted about what was to be done.

The woodpecker said to the tortoise: "Friend, you have teeth. Bite this snare through. I will go and see to it that the hunter keeps away. If we both do our best, our friend will not lose his life."

The tortoise began to gnaw the leather thong, and the woodpecker made his way to the hunter's dwelling. At dawn of day the hunter went out, knife in hand. As soon as the bird saw him start, he uttered a cry, flapped his wings, and struck him in the face as he left the front door.

"Some bird of ill omen has struck me!" thought

the hunter. He turned back and lay down for a little while.

Then he rose up again and took his knife. The bird thought to himself, "The first time he went out by the front door, so now he will leave by the back." So the woodpecker patiently sat himself down behind the house.

The hunter, too, reasoned in the same way. "When I went out by the front door, I saw a bad sign; now I will go out by the back!" And so he did. But the bird cried out again and struck him in the face. Finding that he was again struck by a bird of ill omen, the hunter exclaimed, "This creature will not let me go!" Therefore he lay down until sunrise, and when the sun was risen he took his knife and started.

The woodpecker made all haste back to his friends. "Here comes the hunter!" he cried. By this time the tortoise had gnawed through all the thongs but one. His teeth seemed as though they would fall out, and his mouth was sore and bleeding. The antelope saw the hunter coming on like lightning, knife in hand. He burst the one remaining thong and fled into the woods. The woodpecker perched upon his tree top; but the tortoise was so weak that he lay where he was. The hunter threw him into a bag and tied it to a tree.

The antelope saw that the tortoise had been captured, and determined to save his friend's life. So he allowed himself to be seen by the hunter, and pre-

tended he was very weak. The hunter, noticing how weak the antelope seemed, seized his knife and set out in pursuit. The antelope, keeping just out of his reach, led him into the forest; and when he saw that they had come far enough, gave the hunter the slip and returned swift as the wind by another way. He lifted the bag with his horns, threw it upon the ground, ripped it open, and let the tortoise out. And the woodpecker flew down from the tree.

Then the antelope thus addressed them both: "My life has been saved by you, and you have both been faithful friends to me. Now the hunter will come and take you if he can. So do you, friend woodpecker, fly elsewhere with your brood, and do you, friend tortoise, dive into the water." The woodpecker and the tortoise did as the antelope advised.

When the hunter returned he saw none of them. He found his bag torn, picked it up, and went home sorrowfully. And the three friends lived all their life long in unbroken friendship.

PILPAY

### 31. THE HORSESHOE

In the village of Westmal, some two or three miles from Antwerp, stood a little smithy, in which four men — the master and his three workmen — were busy at their trade. At the same time they were talking — as much, that is, as the noise of hammers and

files would let them — of Napoleon and his mighty deeds of war. One of the workmen, who had lost two fingers of his left hand, was just beginning a story of the Italian wars, when two horsemen pulled up before the door, and one of them called out, "Hello, my men! my horse wants shoeing."

The workmen looked curiously at the strangers, who by this time had dismounted. They were evidently both military men. One of them had a great scar right across his face and wore a red ribbon in his button-hole. The other, though dressed like a gentleman, seemed in some way beneath him in rank; he held the horse by the bridle and asked, "Which shoe, colonel?"

"The near forefoot, lieutenant," was the reply.

One of the men took the horse and led it into the shed. Meanwhile the colonel entered the smithy, looked about him, and took up first one, then another, of the tools, as if looking for an old acquaintance. At last he seemed to have found what he wanted. In one hand he held a heavy pair of tongs, in the other a hammer, both of which he surveyed with so peculiar a smile that the workmen stood about gaping and staring in no little amazement.

Meanwhile the iron was in the fire, the bellows panted away, and a garland of sparks spurted from the glowing coals. The workmen stood by the anvil, hammers in hand, till the master took the iron from the fire. Then began the work of forging.

The colonel evidently took a lively interest in what was going on; his features lighted up, as they might have done at the finest music. But when the shoe was taken from the anvil, ready for putting on, he eyed it a moment rather disdainfully, took the tongs from the master-smith's hand, and put the shoe back into the fire.

"That will never do," said he. "The shoe's too clumsy by half, master. Now, my lads! look alive! blow away!"

And while one of the workmen, with an air of great respect, obeyed his directions, he threw off his coat and bared his sinewy arms. Soon the iron was at a white heat. He turned it twice or thrice in the fire with all the air of an experienced hand, laid it on the anvil, and then called to the men in a cheerful tone:

"Now, my men! look out! I'll give the time, and we'll turn out a shoe fit for one of the Emperor's nags. So, now, attention:

" Rikketikketak,  
Rikketikketoo;  
The iron's warm;  
Up with your arm,  
Now strike,—one, two,  
Rikketikketoo.

" Rikketikketak,  
Rikketikketoo,  
Strike while it is hot,



And tarry not.  
Again, — one, two,  
Rikketikketoo.

There, look at the shoe now.”

The men eyed the neat piece of work with astonishment. The master meanwhile seemed to be turning some thought in his head, which he every now and then shook as though quite unable to come to a satisfactory conclusion. He drew near the stranger, who by this time had put on his coat; but however closely he scanned him, he seemed unable to recognize him.

The horse was soon shod, and now stood before the smithy ready for its master to mount. The colonel took leave of the party with a friendly shake of the hand to each, laying also a couple of gold pieces on the anvil.

“One for the master, one for the men; and good-by to you.”

With these words he threw himself into the saddle and rode off with his companion.

“Well,” said the master, “I never in my life knew but one man who could knock off a shoe like that, — so light and neat, and so handily. And I must be greatly mistaken if the colonel isn’t just Karl van Milgem himself; he, you know, — but to be sure you don’t know — he that the folks used to call ‘Rikke-Tikke-Tak.’”

HENRI CONSCIENCE



Geoffroy

A PRIMARY SCHOOL IN BRITTANY

## A PRIMARY SCHOOL IN BRITTANY

[Before reading what follows, turn to page 201 and write down all the things you see in the picture. Then tell the story of the picture in your own words. Does the picture suggest anything, or teach a lesson?]

Let us examine this picture carefully. The room which we see is apparently a schoolroom. There is no rug on the floor. The windows have no curtains, and the walls, except for a map at the back of the room, are bare.

Seated on a low chair at the left is the teacher. Her dress does not look much like that of our teachers. It is very dark and plain, and so long that it reaches to the floor. About her neck is a broad white collar edged with fine lace. On her head is a white cap, with two strings hanging down in the back. She is holding in her lap an open book. Standing near her are five little girls. They, too, are dressed in dark clothes, with white collars, and are wearing white caps. On their feet are wooden shoes.

At the back of the room, seated at long benches, are a number of other girls dressed like those who are standing. They have books and seem to be studying very hard.

To the right of the teacher are two very small children seated on a low bench with their hands clasped in their laps.

How different this school is from our schools of to-

day! Here we see children of all ages and sizes in the same room. Evidently the boys go to a different school, for these children are all girls. When they are ready to recite, the teacher, instead of standing at the front of the room, sits down and has the children come to her.

In the picture five of the children are having a lesson. Two of them stand close to the teacher, looking down at the book on her lap. The smaller child is evidently learning to read while the teacher, looking at her kindly, points out the words. The child just behind them looks as if she were trying to remember something. Another girl has a book of her own from which she is reading. The little girl beside her is twisting her apron and looking at the teacher. Perhaps it is her turn next. But do you think she knows her lesson?

There are two children, at least, who are not worried, — the little ones sitting down at the left. One might almost think they were playing school instead of really being there. How patient and good they look, with their hands properly folded! Do you think they are tired, or have they been told to keep very still in school? One little girl is gazing at the ceiling with a far-away look in her eyes. Perhaps it is nearly lunch time, and she is wondering what is in her basket. The other baby looks as if she were thinking very hard about something, too.

These are peasant children of Brittany, in the northwest of France. After the day's work is over the children will run gayly home through the fields and tell their parents all about what they have been doing at school. How would you like to run through the fields if your shoes were wooden? I suspect it would take you a long time to get home. But these children are so accustomed to wooden shoes that they do not mind them at all. In spite of their clumsy shoes they run and play as naturally as we do in our leather ones.

### 32. THE COMPASS

As we walk along the streets of a city, we see signs which tell us the names of the streets. If we are on country roads, we see signs also, although they are not so numerous as in the city. Bright boys and girls who study their geography know that in the morning the sun is in the east, and in the afternoon it is in the west. If they know the time of day, it is frequently possible for them to tell the direction in which they are going by noting the position of the sun.

At night it is possible to tell direction also, even though the sun is not present to help us. The North Star is our guide; that is, — if we know how to find it. Well, it is not hard to locate. There are seven very bright stars in the sky, so placed that if we drew a line through them from the first to the last, the line

would look like a sketch of a cup with a long handle. Because of this appearance, somebody called that group of stars "The Dipper." If we draw an imaginary line upward through the two stars on the right-hand side of "The Dipper," we shall reach a bright star, high in the sky. This is the North Star. If you have not seen the North Star, find it on the first clear night.

With this as our guide, we can tell direction at night. If we are facing the North Star, we are going north, and the opposite direction is south. If, as we travel, the North Star is on our left, we are going east, and the opposite direction is west. In a clear day or night, therefore, we can find our way about, as long as we know the direction in which we wish to go. But if the weather is cloudy and the sun and sky are hidden from our view, we are in difficulties.

The ships that cross the ocean have no streets or roads to go by. There are no lamp-posts or signboards to tell direction. Of course, the same sun is there, rising in the east as usual, and the same Dipper and North Star are twinkling in the sky at night. But sometimes a ship has such a stormy voyage that neither the sun nor the North Star is seen from one end of the trip to the other. What would a ship do, then, if it only had these to show the way? It would simply flounder about until the clouds passed by. Fortunately for the sailor, ships do not have to depend on the sun and stars at all. They have an instrument called a com-

pass which never fails. No matter what the weather is, the faithful compass is man's sure guide. Without it he would be lost.

Just when the compass was invented is not known. Early explorers found it in use among the Chinese. When it was brought to Europe, its value was seen at once, and it was soon used on many a ship.

The sailors of the early days did not go far out of sight of land. Getting lost at sea was such an easy matter that fear and dread filled the hearts of the sailors when anybody talked of sailing far away from land. The compass changed all this. It removed the dangers which came from loss of direction, and hardy sailors went farther and farther into the open sea. Christopher Columbus offered to go farthest of all. He believed that the earth was round, and he knew he could rely upon his compass to guide him safely across the wide ocean. What he did is well known. Could it have been done without the compass? Probably not. After the discovery of America explorers went in all directions with the compass to guide them. There was hardly a part of the world which was not visited.

What is the secret of the compass? How is it made that it should be so useful? Every compass has a needle which points toward the north. No matter whether we are carrying the compass north, south, east, or west, the point of the needle is always toward the north.

The needle swings above a disk, called a compass card, with the names of all the directions marked upon it. On a ship the compass box is so arranged that this card is always horizontal, — that is, flat, like the floor of your room, — no matter how much the ship tosses, rolls, or turns. As long as we know one direction we can easily find the others. The compass finds that one, — the north. Whether the sun or the stars are visible or not, the compass always shows which way is north. How easy it is to travel about nowadays, either on land or on sea, since we have such a faithful friend in the compass.

## THE PIPER AND THE CHILD

Piping down the valleys wild,  
Piping songs of pleasant glee,  
On a cloud I saw a child,  
And he laughing said to me : —

“Pipe a song about a lamb.”  
So I piped with merry cheer.  
“Piper, pipe that song again :”  
So I piped ; he wept to hear.

“Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe ;  
Sing thy songs of happy cheer :”  
So I sang the same again,  
While he wept with joy to hear.



“Piper, sit thee down and write,  
In a book that all may read.” —  
So he vanished from my sight ;  
And I plucked a hollow reed ;  
And I made a rural pen,  
And I stained the water clear,  
And I wrote my happy songs  
Every child may joy to hear.

WILLIAM BLAKE

## OLD PIPES AND THE DRYAD

For many, many years Old Pipes had been employed by the villagers to pipe the cattle down from the hills. Every afternoon, an hour before sunset, he would sit on a rock in front of his cottage and play on his pipes. Then all the flocks and herds that were grazing on the mountains would hear him, wherever they might happen to be, and would come down to the village — the cows by the easiest paths, the sheep by those not quite so easy, and the goats by the steep and rocky ways that were hardest of all.

But now, for a year or more, Old Pipes had not piped the cattle home. It is true that every afternoon he sat upon the rock and played upon his pipes ; but the cattle did not hear him. He had grown old, and his breath was feeble. The echoes of his cheerful notes, which used to come from the rocky hill on the other

side of the valley, were heard no more; and twenty yards from Old Pipes one could scarcely tell what tune he was playing. He had become somewhat deaf, and did not know that the sound of his pipes was so thin and weak, and that the cattle did not hear him. The cows, the sheep, and the goats came down every afternoon as before; but this was because two boys and a girl were sent up after them. The villagers did not wish the good old man to know that his piping was no longer of any use; so they paid him his salary every month, and said nothing about the two boys and the girl.

One afternoon, at the end of the month, when Old Pipes had finished his piping, he took his stout staff and went down the hill to the village to receive money for his month's work.

When the Chief Villager had paid him, and he had talked a little with some of his friends, Old Pipes started to go home. But when he had crossed the bridge over the brook and gone a short distance up the hillside, he became very tired and sat down upon a stone. He had not been sitting there half a minute, when along came two boys and a girl.

"Children," said Old Pipes, "I'm very tired to-night, and I don't believe I can climb up this steep path to my home. I think I shall have to ask you to help me."

"We will do that," said the boys and the girl, quite

cheerfully ; and one boy took him by the right hand and the other by the left, while the girl pushed him in the back. In this way he went up the hill quite easily and soon reached his cottage door. Old Pipes gave each of the children a copper coin, and then they sat down for a few minutes' rest before starting back to the village.

"I'm sorry that I tired you so much," said Old Pipes.

"Oh, that would not have tired us," said one of the boys, "if we had not been so far to-day after the cows and the sheep and the goats. They rambled high up on the mountain, and we never before had such a time in finding them."

"Had to go after the cows, the sheep, and the goats!" exclaimed Old Pipes. "What do you mean by that?"

The girl, who stood behind the old man, shook her head, put her hand on her mouth and made all sorts of signs to the boy to stop talking on this subject ; but he did not notice her, and promptly answered Old Pipes :

"Why, you see, good sir," said he, "that as the cattle can't hear your pipes now, somebody has to go after them every evening to drive them down from the mountain, and the Chief Villager has hired us three to do it. Generally it is not very hard work, but to-night the cattle had wandered far."

“ How long have you been doing this? ” asked the old man.

The girl shook her head and clapped her hand on her mouth as before, but the boy went on.

“ I think it is about a year now, ” he said, “ since the people first felt sure that the cattle could not hear your pipes ; and from that time we’ve been driving them down. But we are rested now, and will go home. Good night, sir. ”

The three children then went down the hill, the girl scolding the boy all the way home. Old Pipes stood silent a few moments, and then he went into his cottage.

“ Ah, me ! ” said Old Pipes ; “ I don’t believe there’s anything the matter with the cattle. It must be with me and my pipes that there is something the matter. But one thing is certain : if I do not earn the wages the Chief Villager pays me, I shall not take them. I shall go straight down to the village and give back the money I received to-day. ”

When he had gone about halfway, the old man sat down to rest, leaning his back against a great oak tree. As he did so, he heard a sound like knocking inside the tree, and then a voice said :

“ Let me out ! Let me out ! ”

Old Pipes instantly forgot that he was tired and sprang to his feet. “ This must be a Dryad tree ! ” exclaimed he. “ If it is, I’ll let her out. ”

Old Pipes had never, to his knowledge, seen a Dryad tree, but he knew there were such trees on the hillsides and the mountains and that Dryads lived in them. He knew, too, that in the summer time, on those days when the moon rose before the sun went down, a Dryad could come out of her tree if any one could find the key which locked her in, and turn it. Old Pipes closely examined the trunk of the tree, which stood in the full moonlight. "If I see that key," he said, "I shall surely turn it." Before long he found a piece of bark standing out from the tree, which looked to him very much like the handle of a key. He took hold of it, and found he could turn it quite around. As he did so, a large part of the side of the tree was pushed open, and a beautiful Dryad stepped quickly out.

"Oh, lovely! lovely!" she exclaimed. "How long it is since I have seen anything like this!" And then, turning to Old Pipes, she said:

"How good of you to let me out! I am so happy, and so thankful that I must kiss you, you dear old man!" And she threw her arms around the neck of Old Pipes, and kissed him on both cheeks.

"You don't know," she then went on to say, "how terrible it is to be shut up so long in a tree. I don't mind it in winter, for then I am glad to be sheltered, but in summer it is a rueful thing not to be able to see all the beauties of the world. And it's ever so long since I've been let out. People so seldom come this

way ; and when they do come at the right time, they either don't hear me or they are frightened and run away. But you, you dear old man, you were not frightened, and you looked and looked for the key, and you let me out ; and now, I shall not have to go back till winter has come, and the air grows cold. Oh, it is glorious ! What can I do for you, to show you how grateful I am ?”

“I am very glad,” said Old Pipes, “that I let you out, since I see that it makes you so happy ; but I must admit that I tried to find the key because I had a great desire to see a Dryad. But if you wish to do something for me, you can, if you happen to be going down toward the village.”

“To the village !” exclaimed the Dryad. “I will go anywhere for you, my kind old benefactor.”

“Well, then,” said Old Pipes, “I wish you would take this little bag of money to the Chief Villager and tell him that Old Pipes cannot receive pay for the services which he does not perform. It is now more than a year that I have not been able to make the cattle hear me, when I piped to call them home. I did not know this until to-night ; but now that I know it, I cannot keep the money, and so I send it back.” And handing the little bag to the Dryad, he bade her good night and turned toward his cottage.

“Good night,” said the Dryad. “And I thank you over, and over, and over again, you good old man !”

When Old Pipes left the Dryad, she didn't go down to the village with the little bag of money. She held it in her hand, and thought about what she had heard. "This is a good and honest old man," she said, "and it is a shame that he should lose this money. He looked as if he needed it, and I don't believe the people in the village will take it from one who has served them so long. Often, when in my tree, have I heard the sweet notes of his pipes. I am going to take the money back to him." She did not start immediately.

— Abridged

[For the rest of this very interesting story, read "Fanciful Tales," by FRANK R. STOCKTON, published by Charles Scribner's Sons; copyright, 1894, by Charles Scribner's Sons.]

### 33. THE STEADFAST TIN SOLDIER

[Read silently for one minute. What is the last word read? How many words did you read? Read for one minute each day, and count the number of words read in that time. Once a week, write the number in a notebook, and keep the score. The increase in the number will surprise you. A simple record like the following will do:—

Sept. 20th, 1 minute . . . . . 125 words.

Sept. 27th, 1 minute . . . . . 126 words.]

There were once five and twenty tin soldiers, all brothers, for they had all been born of the same old tin spoon. Each man shouldered his gun, kept his eyes well to the front, and wore the smartest red and blue uniform imaginable.

The first thing they heard in their new world, when the lid was taken off the box, was a little boy clapping his hands and crying, "Soldiers! Soldiers!" It was his birthday and they had just been given to him; so he lost no time in setting them up on the table.

All the soldiers were exactly alike with one exception, and he differed from the rest in having only one leg. For he was made last, and there was not quite enough tin left to finish him. However, he stood just as well on his one leg as the others on two. In fact, he was the very one who became famous.

On the table where they were being set up, were many other toys; but the chief thing which caught the eye was a delightful paper castle. You could see through the tiny windows, right into the rooms. Outside there were some little trees surrounding a small mirror representing a lake, whose surface reflected the waxen swans which were swimming about on it.

It was altogether charming, but the prettiest thing of all was a little maiden standing at the open door of the castle. She, too, was cut out of paper, but she wore a dress of the lightest gauze, with a dainty little blue ribbon over her shoulders by way of a scarf, set off by a brilliant spangle as big as her whole face. The little maid was stretching out both arms, for she was a dancer, and in the dance one of her legs was raised so high into the air that the tin soldier could not see it, and supposed that she, like himself, had but one leg.



“That would be the very wife for me!” he thought; “but she is much too grand. She lives in a palace, while I have only a box, and then there are five and twenty of us to share it.” Then he lay down full length behind a snuff box which stood on the table. From that point he could have a good look at the little lady, who continued to stand on one leg without losing her balance.

Late in the evening the other soldiers were put into their box, and the people of the house went to bed. Now was the time for the toys to play. They amused themselves with paying visits, fighting battles, and giving balls. The tin soldiers rustled about in their box, for they wanted to join the games, but they could not get the lid off. The nutcrackers turned somersaults, and the pencil scribbled nonsense on the slate. There was such a noise that the canary woke up and joined in, but his remarks were in verse. The only two who did not move were the tin soldier and the little dancer. She stood as stiff as ever on tiptoe, with her arms spread out. He was equally firm on his one leg, and he did not take his eyes off her for a moment.

Then the clock struck twelve, when, pop! up flew the lid of the snuff box; but there was no snuff in it. No! there was a little black goblin, a sort of Jack-in-the-box.

“Tin soldier!” said the goblin, “have the goodness to keep your eyes to yourself.”

But the tin soldier pretended not to hear.

"Ah! you just wait till tomorrow," said the goblin.

In the morning when the children got up they put the tin soldier on the window frame, and, whether it was caused by the goblin or by a puff of wind, I do not know, but all at once the window burst open, and the soldier fell head foremost from the third story.

It was a terrible fall, but he landed at last with his leg in the air, and rested on his cap, with his bayonet fixed between two paving stones. The maid-servant and the little boy ran down at once to look for him; but although they almost stepped on him, they could not see him. Had the soldier only called out, "Here I am!" they would easily have found him, but he did not think it proper to shout when he was in uniform.

Presently it began to rain, and the drops fell faster and faster, till there was a regular torrent. When it was over, two street boys came along.

"Look out!" said one. "Here is a tin soldier! He shall go for a sail."

So they made a boat out of a newspaper and put the soldier into the middle of it, and he sailed away down the gutter. Both boys ran alongside, clapping their hands. What waves there were in the gutter, and what a current, but then it certainly had rained cats and dogs. The paper boat danced up and down, and now and then whirled round and round. A shudder ran through the tin soldier, but he remained undaunted

and did not move a muscle, only looked straight before him with his gun shouldered. All at once the boat drifted under a long wooden tunnel, and it became as dark as it was in his box.

"Where on earth am I going now!" thought he.

"Well, well, it is all the fault of that goblin! Oh, if only the little maiden were with me in the boat it might be twice as dark for all I should care!"

At this moment a big water rat, who lived in the tunnel, came up.

"Have you a pass?" asked the rat. "Hand up your pass!"

The tin soldier did not speak, but clung still tighter to his gun. The boat rushed on, the rat close behind. Phew, how he gnashed his teeth and shouted to the bits of stick and straw.

"Stop him! Stop him! He hasn't paid his toll; he hasn't shown his pass!"

But the current grew stronger and stronger; the tin soldier could already see daylight before him at the end of the tunnel; but he also heard a roaring sound, fit to strike terror to the bravest heart. Just imagine! Where the tunnel ended the stream rushed straight into the big canal. That would be just as dangerous for him as it would be for us to shoot a great rapids.

He was so near now that it was impossible to stop. The boat dashed out. The poor tin soldier held him-

self as stiff as he could. No one should say of him that he even winced.

The boat swirled round three or four times, and filled with water to the edge; it must sink. The tin soldier stood up to his neck in water, and the boat sank deeper and deeper. The paper became limper and limper, and at last the water went over his head — then he thought of the pretty little dancer, whom he was never to see again, and this refrain rang in his ears —

Onward! Onward! Soldier!

For death thou canst not shun.

At last the paper gave way entirely and the soldier fell through — but at the same moment he was swallowed by a fish.

Oh! how dark it was inside the fish! It was worse than being in the tunnel even; and then it was so narrow! But the tin soldier was as dauntless as ever, and lay full length, shouldering his gun.

The fish rushed about and made the most frantic movements. At last it became quite quiet, and, after a time, a flash like lightning pierced it. The soldier was once more in the broad daylight, and some one called out loudly, "A tin soldier!"

The fish had been caught, taken to market, sold, and brought into the kitchen, where the cook cut it open with a large knife. She took the soldier up by the waist, with two fingers, and carried him into the parlor, where everyone wanted to see the wonderful man who

had traveled about in the stomach of a fish. But the tin soldier was not at all proud. They set him up on the table, and, wonder of wonders! he found himself in the very same room that he had been in before. He saw the very same children, and the toys were still standing on the table, as well as the beautiful castle with the pretty little dancer.

She still stood on one leg, and held the other up in the air. You see she also was unbending. The soldier was so much moved that he was ready to shed tears of tin, but that would not have been fitting. He looked at her, and she looked at him, but they never said a word.

At this moment one of the little boys took up the tin soldier and, without reason, threw him into the fire. No doubt the little goblin in the snuff box was to blame for that. The tin soldier stood there, lightened up by the flame, and in the most horrible heat; but whether it was the heat of the real fire or the warmth of his feelings, he did not know. He had lost all his gay color; it might have been from his dangerous journey, or it might have been from grief. Who can tell?

He looked at the little maiden, and she looked at him; and he felt that he was melting away, but he still managed to keep himself erect, shouldering his gun bravely.

A door was suddenly opened, the draught caught the little dancer and she fluttered straight into the fire, to the soldier, blazed up and was gone!

By this time the soldier was reduced to a mere lump, and when the maid took away the ashes next morning she found him, in the shape of a small tin heart. All that was left of the dancer was her spangle, and that was burned as black as a coal.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

### 34. A BRAVE RESCUE

[The following story contains 250 words. A fourth-year child should be able to read it in two minutes at the beginning of the school year, and in one minute and forty seconds at the end of the school year. How long will it take you to read it? Time yourself each day upon a full page of this book and note the improvement. Do not move your lips while reading.]

The fireman ran up the steps of the house, and with a well-directed blow of his ax broke through the door. A second door barred his way, but he kicked that open, and without delay rushed up the two flights of stairs and burst into the room, where a man and his wife were asleep, wholly unconscious of the fire and the peril so near them.

A word from the fireman quieted the woman's fears. Her husband he at once called to his assistance, telling him that at a window in the hotel next door was a woman waiting to be saved. The fireman threw up the sash, and seating himself astride the sill, twined his left foot in the electric wires which ran down the line between the two houses. His right foot was

firmly grasped by the man inside. In this way the fireman formed with his left leg a bridge nearly the whole distance between the two windows.

Meanwhile he had kept the woman encouraged. This was no easy task, for people were jumping to death from above her, and the flames were constantly getting nearer and nearer. Finally all was ready, and the fireman told the woman to hold on to the window-casing and step out, first to his knee, when he grasped her firmly with his left hand. Another step brought her near the window-sill, and then the fireman leaned back and thrust her, in front of him, head foremost, into the room.

[Adapted from "American Heroes and Heroism" by WILLIAM A. and ARTHUR M. MOWRY.]

### 35. AN ADVENTURE WITH A LION

One morning the good ship *Pacific* arrived at the Cape of Good Hope and shortly afterward anchored in Table Bay.

"Why do they call this Table Bay, Ready?" asked William.

'I suppose it's because they call that great mountain the Table Mountain, William; you see how flat the mountain is on top.'

"Yes, it is quite as flat as a table."

"Yes, and sometimes you will see the white clouds rolling down over the top of it in a very curious manner,

which the sailors call 'spreading the tablecloth.' It is a sign of bad weather."

The next morning, Mr. Seagrave, accompanied by the captain, went on shore with William and Tommy. It was proposed that they should go to the Company's Gardens and see the wild beasts which were confined there, at which William was much delighted, and clapped his hands with joy.

"What are the Company's Gardens, father?" inquired William.

"They were made by the Dutch East India Company, at the time that the Cape of Good Hope was in their possession. They are called Botanical Gardens but, at the same time, wild animals are kept there."

"What shall we see?" said Tommy.

"You will see lions, Tommy, a great many in a large den together," said the captain.

"Oh! I want to see a lion!"

As soon as they entered the gates, Tommy escaped from the captain, and ran away in his hurry to see the lions; but the captain caught him again, and held him fast by the hand.

"Here is a pair of very strange birds," said the gentleman who accompanied them. "They are called 'secretaries,' on account of the feathers which hang behind their heads, as the feather of a quill pen does when a clerk puts it behind his ear. But they are very useful, for they are snake-killers. Indeed, they would,



if they could, live altogether upon snakes. They strike them with their feet, and with such force as to kill them immediately."

"Are there many snakes in this country?" inquired William.

"Yes, and very poisonous snakes," replied his father. "These birds, therefore, do a great service in destroying them. In England the bird would be of little value."

They continued their walk until they came to the lions' den. It was a large place, open above, and enclosed with a strong, high stone wall, with only one window, through which the visitors could look at the lions. This window was wide, and had strong bars running from the top to the bottom; but the distance between the bars was such that a lion could put his paw between them with ease. The visitors were therefore cautioned not to go too near.

It was a fine sight to see eight or ten of these noble-looking animals lying in various positions, basking in the sun, and slowly moving their tufted tails to and fro and at the same time quite indifferent to the people outside. William observed them at a safe distance from the bars. So did Tommy, who had his mouth open with astonishment, in which there was at first not a little fear mixed, but he soon became bolder.

The gentleman who was with them, and who had been long at the Cape, was relating to Mr. Seagrave and the captain some very curious anecdotes about the

lions. They were so interested that they did not notice that Tommy had slipped back to the grated window of the den. Tommy looked at the lions, and then he wanted to make them move about. There was one fine full-grown young lion, about three years old, who was lying down nearest to the window. Tommy took up a stone and threw it at him. The lion appeared not to notice it, for he did not move. Tommy became more brave and threw another, and then another, approaching each time nearer to the bars of the window.

All of a sudden the lion gave a tremendous roar, and sprang against the iron bars of the cage with such force that, had they not been very strong, it must have broken them. As it was, they shook and rattled so that pieces of mortar fell from the stones. Tommy shrieked; and, fortunately for himself, fell back and tumbled head over heels, or the lion's paws would have reached him. The captain and Mr. Seagrave ran and picked the boy up. Tommy screamed with fright as soon as he could catch his breath, while the lion stood near the grated window, roaring and lashing his tail.

"Take me away — take me on board the ship," cried Tommy, who was terribly frightened.

"What did you do, Tommy?" said the captain.

"I won't throw any more stones, Mr. Lion; I won't, indeed!" cried Tommy, looking with terror toward the animal.

Mr. Seagrave scolded Tommy well for his foolish

conduct, and by degrees he became more composed ; but he did not recover himself entirely until they had walked some distance away from the lions' den.

They then looked at the other animals which were to be seen, but the boy kept at a most respectful distance from every one of them. He wouldn't even go near a Cape sheep with a broad tail.

When they had seen all the animals, they went back to the gentleman's house to dinner. After dinner they returned on board, when Tommy's adventure with the lion was told to his mother, who declared that she never should be able to trust him out of her sight.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT—Adapted

### 36. TOM'S WRESTLING

The second act of Tom's life may now be said to have begun. None of the women now, not even his mother's maid, dared offer to help him in dressing or washing. He had a room to himself, and his father gave him sixpence a week pocket-money. All this he had achieved by advice and assistance. But now he had conquered another step in life, — the step which all real boys so long to make. He had got amongst his equals in age and strength, and could measure himself with other boys. He lived with those whose wishes and ways were the same in kind as his own.

The little governess who had lately been installed

in the house found her work grow wondrously easy, for Tom slaved at his lessons in order to make sure of his note to the schoolmaster. So there were very few days in the week in which Tom and the village boys were not playing by three o'clock. Prisoner's base, rounders, high-cock-a-lorum, cricket, football, — he was soon initiated into the delights of them all, and though most of the boys were older than himself, he managed to hold his own very well. He was naturally active and strong, and quick of eye and hand, and had the advantage of light shoes and well-fitting dress, so that in a short time he could run and jump and climb with any of them.

They generally finished their regular games half an hour or so before tea-time, and then began trials of skill and strength in many ways. Some of them would catch the Shetland pony which was turned out in the field, and get two or three together on his back. The little rogue, enjoying the fun, would gallop off for fifty yards, and then turn round, or stop short and shoot them on to the turf, and then graze quietly until he felt another load. Others played peg-top or marbles, while a few of the bigger ones stood up for a bout at wrestling. Tom at first only looked on at this pastime, but it had peculiar attractions for him, and he could not long keep out of it. Elbow and collar wrestling was the way to fame for the youth of the vale. All the boys knew the rules of it, and were more or less expert. But Job

Rudkin and Harry Winburn were the stars, the former stiff and sturdy, with legs like small towers, the latter pliant as India-rubber, and quick as lightning. Day after day they stood foot to foot, and offered first one hand and then the other, and grappled and closed and swayed and strained, till a well-armed crook of the heel or thrust of the loin took effect, and a fair back-fall ended the matter. Tom watched with all his eyes, and first challenged one of the less scientific, and threw him; and so one by one wrestled his way up to the leaders.

Then indeed for months he had a poor time of it. It was not long indeed before he could manage to keep his legs against Job, for that hero was slow of offence, and gained his victories chiefly by allowing others to throw themselves against his immovable legs and loins. But Harry Winburn was undeniably his master, from the first clutch of hands when they stood up, down to the last trip which sent him on his back on the turf. Luckily Harry's bright disposition and Tom's naturally good temper kept them from ever quarreling. So Tom worked on and on, and trod more and more nearly on Harry's heels, and at last mastered all the dodges and falls except one. This one was Harry's own particular invention and pet. He scarcely ever used it except when hard pressed, but then out it came, and as sure as it did, over went poor Tom. He thought about that fall at his meals, in his walks, when he lay

awake in bed, in his dreams, — but all to no purpose. Finally Harry one day in his open way suggested to him how he thought it should be met, and in a week from that time the boys were equal, save only the slight difference of strength in Harry's favor which some extra ten months of age gave.

Besides their home games, on Saturdays the boys would wander all over the neighborhood; sometimes to the downs, or up to the camp, where they cut their initials out on the springy turf, and watched the hawks soaring, and the "peert" bird, as Harry Winburn called the grey plover, gorgeous in his wedding feathers; and so home, racing down the "Manger" with many a roll among the thistles, or through the wood to watch the fox cubs playing in the green lanes. Sometimes they went to Rosy Brook, to cut long whispering reeds which grew there with which to make pan-pipes. Sometimes to Moor Mills, where was a piece of old forest land, with short turf and tufted brambly thickets stretching under the oaks, amongst which rumor declared that a raven, last of his race, still lingered; or to the sand-hills, in vain quest of rabbits; and bird's-nesting, in the season, anywhere and everywhere.

So Tom and his younger brothers, as they grew up, went on playing with the village boys, without the idea of equality or inequality, except in wrestling, running, and climbing.

THOMAS HUGHES — Adapted

## THE CHILD HANDEL

Artists who paint pictures of children are always sure to have many admirers. The picture on the opposite page is the work of Margaret Dicksee, an English woman, and one of a family of great artists. It is entitled "The Child Handel," and portrays a very dramatic incident in the boyhood of the great composer, George Frederick Handel.

Handel's father was a barber-surgeon, who knew nothing of music and looked upon it as an idle amusement and a degrading occupation. As he was ambitious for his son he decided that he should become a lawyer. To accomplish this end he tried in every way to stifle the very noticeable signs of musical genius which showed themselves even in the boy's infancy. He even refused to send his son to school, for fear he might learn his notes.

In spite of this, a friend smuggled a clavichord into the attic and on this instrument, the sound of which is so faint that it cannot be heard behind a closed door, the little boy practiced secretly. It is there he had gone on the night represented in the picture, all alone and in the dark, to play his beloved music. He was carried away with joy at the opportunity of putting into music the sweet sounds that had been singing in his heart.

In some way, however, the door must have been left



Dicksee

THE CHILD HANDEL



open, and the sweet sounds of the clavichord reached the ears of his family. Following the sounds, the searching party found the young composer. The only light in the room is that which comes from the lantern, the rays of which seem to fall chiefly on the young player. He looks frightened, almost too frightened to move.

Do you think the father and mother were pleased, when they found the boy Handel playing the forbidden instrument? The mother looks frightened, for she believed her little son to be sound asleep. The father has a stern look and we very much fear that it means trouble for the child.

The scene makes us feel sorry for the little boy who was obliged to creep away secretly to a dark attic in order to satisfy his longing for music. This genius for music was later to make him one of the world's greatest composers.

### 37. WELL DONE AND ILL PAID

Once upon a time there was a man who used to hitch his horse to his sledge and drive to the wood every morning to gather fuel for his fire. As he was nearing the wood one day a bear met him.

"Out with your horse," said the bear, "or I'll strike all your sheep dead by summer."

"Oh! heaven help me then," said the man.

“There’s not a stick of firewood in the house; you must let me drive home with a load of fuel, else we shall be frozen to death. I’ll bring the horse to you tomorrow morning.”

On those terms he was allowed to drive home with the load of wood. But Bruin said that if he didn’t come back, as he had promised, he must lose all his sheep before summer.

So the man put the wood on the sledge and started homewards, but he wasn’t over-pleased at the bargain, as you may fancy. Just then a fox met him.

“Why, what’s the matter?” said the fox; “why are you so down in the mouth?”

“Oh, if you want to know,” said the man, “I met a bear up yonder in the wood, and I had to give him my word to bring Dobbin back tomorrow, at this very hour. If he doesn’t get him, he says he will strike all my sheep dead by summer.”

“Stuff! Nothing worse than that!” said the fox. “If you’ll give me your fattest sheep, I’ll soon set you free from your promise, see if I don’t.”

The man gave his word, and swore he would keep it too.

“Well, when you come with Dobbin tomorrow for the bear,” said the fox, “I’ll make a clatter up in that heap of stones yonder. When the bear asks what that noise is, you must say, ‘It is Peter the Marksman, who is the best shot in the world.’ After that you must help yourself.”

Next day off set the man, and when he met the bear, something began to make a clatter up in the heap of stones.

"Hist! What's that?" said the bear.

"Oh! that's Peter the Marksman, to be sure," said the man. "He's the best shot in the world. I know him by his voice."

"Have you seen any bears about here, Eric?" shouted out a voice in the wood.

"Say 'No'!" said the bear.

"No, I haven't seen any," said Eric.

"What's that by the sledge?" bawled out the voice in the wood.

"Say it's an old fir stump," said the bear.

"Oh, it's only an old fir stump," said the man.

"Such fir stumps we take in our country and roll them on our sledges," shouted the voice. "If you can't do it yourself, I'll come and help you."

"Say you can help yourself, and roll me up on the sledge," said the bear.

"No, thank you, I can help myself well enough," said the man, and rolled the bear on the sledge.

"Such fir stumps we always bind fast on our sledges in our part of the world," bawled out the voice. "Shall I come and help you?"

"Say you can help yourself, and bind me fast. Do!" said the bear.

"No, thanks, I can help myself well enough," said

the man, who set to binding Bruin fast with all the ropes he had, so that at last the bear couldn't stir a paw.

"Such fir stumps we always drive our axes into, in our part of the world," bawled out the voice; "for we guide them better going down the steep pitches."

"Pretend to drive your ax into me. Do, now," said the bear.

Then the man took up his ax, and at one blow split the bear's skull, so that Bruin lay dead in a trice. So the man and the Fox were great friends, and on the best terms. But when they came near the farm, the fox said: "I've no mind to go right home with you, for I can't say I like your type, so I'll just wait here, and you can bring the sheep to me, but mind and pick out one nice and fat."

Yes! the man would be sure to do that, and thanked the fox for his help. So when he had put Dobbin in the stable, he went across to the sheep stall.

"Whither, indeed, now?" asked his old dame.

"Oh!" said the man, "I'm only going to the sheep-fold to fetch a fat one for that cunning fox, who set our Dobbin free. I gave him my word I would."

"Whither, indeed," said the old dame, "never a one shall that thief of a fox get. Haven't we got Dobbin safe, and the bear into the bargain; and as for the fox, I'll be bound he's stolen more of our geese than the sheep is worth. And even if he hasn't stolen them, he will. No, no, take a brace of your swiftest hounds,

and slip them loose after him. Then, perhaps, we shall be rid of this robbing Reynard."

Well, the man thought that good advice; so he took two fleet red hounds and set off with them.

"Have you brought the sheep?" said the fox.

"Yes, come and take it," said the man, as he untied the sack and let slip the hounds.

"Huf," said the fox, and gave a great spring. "There is truth in the old proverb, 'Well done is often ill paid.' Now I see the truth of another saying, 'The worst foes are those of one's own house.'" That was what the fox said as he ran off, and saw the red hounds at his heels.

GEORGE WEBBE DASENT — Adapted

## THE FIGHT FOR THE QUEEN

When the quest of the Holy Grail had been fulfilled, Queen Guinevere gave a dinner to those Knights who had returned, and among the four and twenty Knights, present were Sir Patrise of Ireland and Sir Gawaine.

It was Sir Gawaine's custom to eat at dinner the fruit that might be in season, and Queen Guinevere, knowing this, had placed before him a dish of pears and apples. Among the company was Sir Pinel le Savage, who bore Sir Gawaine a grudge, and into the apples upon the dish he put some poison.

Now it chanced that the good Knight Sir Patrise took

from the dish a poisoned apple intended for Sir Gawaine, and in a few minutes he fell back dead.

All the Knights leapt to their feet.

"My lady, the Queen," said Sir Gawaine, "this fruit was placed upon the table for me to partake of, and the shame of this ill deed is yours."

The Queen stood still, pale and abashed, for all the Knights thought that it was she who had poisoned the fruit, and seeing how strong the evidence was in favor of such a supposition, she was obliged to keep silence.

It was Sir Mador de la Porte who next spoke.

"This shall not be ended so," said he, "for I will be avenged on the person who has wrought this evil."

The Knights remained silent, and the Queen fell to weeping bitterly. Presently the King came to the Queen's side, and asked the cause of her distress.

"Fair lords," he said, when it had been told him, "I grieve for this ill deed, but I cannot meddle in the matter, or do battle for the Queen, for it is my duty to do justice. Sure I am that this is not her deed, and that many a good Knight will stand her champion, and save her from being unjustly burnt to death."

"My gracious lord," said Sir Mador, "I beg your forgiveness if I say that no Knight present will fight that battle. What say you, my lords?"

Then the Knights replied that they could not hold the Queen guiltless.

"Alas!" said the Queen, "no evil was in my mind

when I prepared the feast, and I ask you to believe that I could not be guilty of such wickedness."

"My lord the King," cried Sir Mador, "I require of you, as you are a just King, to fix a day for the fight."

"Let it be on the fifteenth day from this," said King Arthur, "in the meadow by Westminster. If there should be a Knight there to fight with you, strike, and God will speed the right. If there is no Knight there, my Queen must be burned."

Then Sir Mador and the other Knights departed from the feast.

"What ails you," asked the King of Queen Guinevere, "that you cannot keep Sir Lancelot by your side, for if he were here he would not hesitate to do battle for you? Go to Sir Bors, and command him to do battle for you for Sir Lancelot's sake."

"Madam," said Sir Bors to the Queen, "if I fight for you I shall be held in suspicion by the other Knights, for I was with them at the feast. You have driven Sir Lancelot away, and now ask me, his friend, to do battle for you. I wonder that you can do this, knowing how I love and honor him. He would have fought for you, right or wrong."

The Queen threw herself before Sir Bors, but he raised her, saying, "Madam, you do me great dishonor."

"Ah, gentle Knight," cried the Queen, "have mercy upon me, for I am innocent of the deed they charge me with."

Then Sir Bors promised that he would fight if no better Knight came to take his place.

The days passed quickly by, and the evening before the appointed day the Queen called Sir Bors to her and asked him if he were ready to keep his promise.

"Truly, Madam," he said, "I am ready to fight and prove your innocence, unless a better Knight than I should come to do battle for you."

The next day Sir Bors and Sir Mador faced one another, and Sir Bors tarried as long as he could in order to give the Knight the expected time to arrive.

"Bid your champion come forth if he dare," cried Sir Mador boastfully to the King, and Sir Bors, feeling ashamed, was about to couch his lance when a Knight came galloping out of the wood.

So Sir Bors told King Arthur that a Knight had come, who wished to do battle for the Queen. "And he is a better Knight than I," said Sir Bors; "therefore, if he fights, my promise is discharged."

And the strange Knight said to the Knights around the King, "I would have you know that it is a dishonor to all the Knights of the Round Table, that they should allow so noble a lady and courteous a Queen to be ashamed amongst them."

The Knights looked at one another, and wondered who this strange Knight could be, for none knew save Sir Bors.



The two Knights took their places at the end of the lists, and at the word they couched their lances, and darted toward each other.

[For the rest of this interesting story, read "The Boys' King Arthur," by SIDNEY LANIER, copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons.]

## APPENDIX

### I. THE WOODCUTTER'S COTTAGE

Tyltyl and Mytyl lived in a cottage near a forest.

Tyltyl was a healthy, manly, good-tempered little boy.

Mytyl was a fair, timid, loving little girl.

Opposite their poor cottage there was a palace.

On Christmas Eve, Mummy Tyl was sad because she could not buy presents for her children.

The children were put to bed and they fell asleep.

They were awakened by a strong light from the palace.

They got out of bed and looked through the shutters.

They saw the Christmas party in the house opposite.

They were made happy watching the other children.

### 2. THE CID CURES A COWARD

Martin, the coward, came to join the Cid and his brave men.

The Cid decided to cure him.

Martin sat at the table with the brave knights.

He was asked to sit at the table with the Cid himself.

Martin thought this an honor.  
He later discovered that it was not.  
He made up his mind to do better.  
In a later battle he covered himself with glory.  
He became not only brave but modest as well.  
He was honored as no knight had ever been.

### 3. THE FISHERMAN

A fisherman helped a stranger get his horse out of a marsh.

The stranger promised that the fisherman would always catch fish if he never went to sea without first seeing the stranger pass the door.

For three years the fisherman followed the stranger's advice and was always successful.

One day the stranger did not pass the door.

The fisherman started off without waiting.

He could not go to sea because there were not any boats left.

A terrible storm arose and all who went to sea were drowned.

The stranger came to the man in a dream and told him he would pass his door no more.

### 4. THE RAIN

The children prepare for a picnic.

They play all kinds of games.

After lunch, the rain begins to fall.

The children walk all the way home in the pouring rain.

Rain is necessary.

There is hardly any rain in Death Valley and a white person cannot live there very long.

Rain gives food to flowers, to animals, and to ourselves.

### 5. THE TEAPOT

The teapot was proud of its handle and spout, but it would not speak of its lid.

The teapot was dropped and broken into many pieces.

It was later used as a flower pot, which pleased it very much.

The teapot was later thrown away, but it had the memory that it once was useful.

### 6. THE SCHOOLMASTER

Ichabod Crane taught school in Sleepy Hollow.

He was tall, lank, and loosely built.

He had big ears and large green eyes.

When he walked along a hill in the wind he looked like a scarecrow.

He punished the strong rather than the weak.

He lived with the families of his pupils.

He helped the farmers and their housewives, and played with the children.

He also made money by teaching singing.

He was thought to have an easy life of it.

## 7. HOW HEARTS ARE MADE CLEAN

A drop of muddy water wished to get away from the mud.

It was told to ask the sun for help.

The sun drew it up to a cloud.

It fell into a spring of pure water.

It had left its mud behind.

## 8. WATER

Water is very necessary.

It gives us many sports.

It aids our health.

When we have a good rain, the water sinks into the ground and fills the wells.

Oceans give us heat and store heat.

Ice saves our food, and steam helps to make things.

## 9. THE HUMMING BIRD

The ruby-throat is the only kind of humming bird found in eastern United States.

Humming birds pass but a small part of their time in the air.

They make a pretty sight when hovering before a flower.

Their tiny nests are easily found near the end of the limbs of trees.

In three weeks a young humming bird is ready to fly.

The ruby-throat utters a squeak when annoyed.

## 10. ALICE, THE PIG BABY, AND THE CHESHIRE CAT

Alice caught the baby which the Duchess threw her.

Alice did not like the appearance of the baby.

It looked like a pig.

The baby was a pig.

She put it down and it trotted off.

Alice saw a Cheshire cat and talked to it.

The cat told Alice she was mad.

The cat vanished.

The cat appeared again and asked about the baby.

The cat at last disappeared slowly, — the grin lasting longest.

## 11. THE BOY WHO HATED TREES

Dick said he was sick of hearing about trees.

He went to bed wishing he could live where there were no trees.

In his sleep the trees held a meeting about him.

Some told how useless boys were.

Others told how much they did for Dick.

Dick was carried by the wind to a desert.

He became very uncomfortable, and thought he would die of thirst.

By and by he arrived at a spring and a tree.

Dick hugged the tree and woke up.

He became a lover of trees.

## 12. ROAST PIG

Mankind used to eat its meat raw.

The art of roasting meat was accidentally discovered by a clumsy Chinese boy, named Bo-bo.

Bo-bo was left in charge of the house.

Through his carelessness, it burned down, and the pigs were roasted.

Bo-bo touched his burnt fingers to his mouth and discovered a wonderful taste.

Bo-bo's father whipped him for his carelessness.

The father tasted the roast pig in the same way.

They both finished what was left and promised to keep it a secret.

Their secret was discovered and they were arrested.

The food was tasted by those at court and the two were set free.

The judge bought every pig he could.

Fires became very numerous.

Later a wise man invented the gridiron.

## 13. THE PINE AND THE FLAX

The pine tree and the flax grew near each other.

They became good friends.

The other trees and plants tried to break this friendship.

The pine was chopped down and became the mast of a ship.

The flax was made into the sail.

The mast and the sail together carried the ship over the ocean.

The wind brought the news back to the trees and plants.

#### 14. THE WRITING PEN

An Indian told his tribe that Captain Smith made paper talk.

The first writing was done with a sharp stone called a stylus.

The Chinese used a brush and paper.

The next pen was a goose quill and was used for over a thousand years.

About one hundred and fifty years ago, the steel pen was invented.

The latest invention in writing pens is the fountain pen.

The pen is very useful and mighty.

#### 15. CHRISTMAS AT THE CRATCHITS'

The Cratchit family were all excited.

Mrs. Cratchit was cooking a goose for Christmas dinner.

Martha arrived and hid when she heard her father coming.

The father and Tiny Tim were disappointed because Martha did not come.



Martha came out of her hiding place.

Bob told his wife about Tiny Tim's strange thoughts.

Tiny Tim was a cripple.

The goose was brought in.

Each member of the family did something to help.

Everybody was happy.

The goose was praised.

The pudding was brought in and praised.

After dinner, the family sat around the fire.

Fruit was on the table.

Chestnuts were put on the fire.

"God bless us every one," said Tiny Tim.

#### 16. JAPAN, A FAIRY LAND OF FLOWERS

The Japanese are so fond of flowers that they have a flower calendar.

Visitors to Japan see wonderful flower shows.

The people take great pride in training the flowers to grow in odd shapes.

Very often during the year flower festivals are held.

Each girl receives two years' training in flower arrangement.

The flowers loved best by the Japanese are the wistaria, chrysanthemum, lotus, and iris.

#### 17. THE SAILING SHIP

The giant ocean liner is different from the first boats which people made.

Earliest men traveled on foot.

It became necessary to find a way to cross rivers.

Some boys had fun with a floating tree.

Men crossed rivers on floating trees.

A log was later dug out, so that a man could sit in it.

They soon found rowing very hard work for long journeys.

Some one tried tying a cloth to a pole and letting the wind do the work.

Large sailing vessels were then made.

Columbus was brave enough to sail across the ocean.

Great results came from the sailing ships.

Many people came to America in sailing ships.

## 18. THE STORY OF COQUERICO

Coquerico was a deformed though a proud half-chick.

He wanted to go to Rome to seek his fortune.

His mother tried to keep him from going.

He was very unkind to those whom he met on his journey.

At Rome he disobeyed his mother and a guard caught him and carried him home.

The water, the fire, and the wind all refused to help him.

Finally he became a weathercock and every one despised him.

## 19. THE HOUSEKEEPING OF THE BIRDS

My garden was a paradise for birds.

One day I saw four eggs in a nest.

The blackbird was a most attentive husband and a most cheerful singer.

Later, four wide-open, hungry mouths were seen in the nest.

The bird family was very happy.

The parents protected the little ones from storms.

At last my blackbirds flew away.

## 20. FIRE

It is pleasant and comfortable in a warm house in the winter.

Long ago people did not have fires.

The first fire came from a tree which had been set on fire by lightning.

The fire was put in a hole dug in the center of the floor.

This was dangerous, as fire had to be kept burning all the time.

Some one discovered that a spark could be made by rubbing two sticks together.

Later some one discovered how to make a match.

Most business is carried on by the help of fire.

Fire is dangerous if care is not used.

Damage from fire can be prevented.

## 21. LITTLE BRIAR-ROSE

A queen wanted to have a little child.

After the child came, the king gave a great feast.

A wise woman who was not invited brought an evil gift.

She said the princess would die when she was fifteen from being pricked with a spindle.

A later gift changed the death to one hundred years of sleep.

The king ordered all spindles destroyed.

On her fifteenth birthday, the daughter found a spindle in the tower and touched it.

Everybody in the castle fell asleep.

A briar hedge grew up around the castle and kept everybody out.

After a hundred years a king's son entered the castle.

He found Briar-Rose in the tower and kissed her.

Everybody woke up.

They were married and lived happily.

## 22. THE BAMBOO CANE

Ho-No wished to celebrate the Festival of the Co-coons.

His master was a grower of silkworms.

Ho-No knew all about silkworms.

The master and his family went out and locked Ho-No in the house.

A little Persian monk appeared and offered to save Ho-No.

They left the house, taking a bamboo cane full of the worm's eggs.

A boat took them to Constantinople.

Here Ho-No taught the weavers how to make silk.

### 23. STEAM

Steam was known over two thousand years ago.

The first steam wagon was made five hundred years ago.

James Watt invented the steam engine in 1769.

Steam was then used to make various things.

Robert Fulton invented the paddle-wheel boat.

He built the *Clermont* to go by steam.

Steam was used to drive engines and boats.

Travel was made easy and quick by means of steam.

### 24. THE BARGAIN

I arrived at the port and went to an inn.

I found Mr. John in his garden with friends.

I also met a gray old man who took wonderful things from his pocket.

Terrified at his magic, I left the garden.

The gray old man overtook me.

We bargained and I sold my shadow.

Some women and some boys told me that I had lost my shadow.

I realized what I had thrown away.

## 25. THE TRANSFORMED MOUSE

On the shores of the Ganges there lived some holy people.

One of the men found a mouse and changed it into a girl.

When the girl grew up, the man wanted her to marry the sun-god.

The girl did not like the sun-god, but wanted some one more powerful.

Then the man talked to the cloud, the wind, and the mountain, but the girl was not satisfied.

The mountain said that mice were mightier because they wear away the mountains.

The girl was content and begged her father to change her back again to a mouse.

He did so, and she was married to the mouse.

## 26. WEAPONS

People may study animals in the "Zoo."

Some wild animals attack people.

Before weapons were used, man ran away from the wild animals.

Then he used sharp-edged stones to make wooden spears and clubs.

Later he made tools and weapons of stone.

Bows and arrows were invented later.

Man then hunted the wild animals, and became master.

## 27. THE TALKATIVE TORTOISE

Two geese promised to take a tortoise to a cave of gold if the tortoise did not talk.

The tortoise talked and fell into the courtyard where the King and his Chief Counselor were walking.

The Chief Counselor wanted to teach the King a lesson.

He told the story of the tortoise, adding that every one who talked too much came to some misfortune.

The King learned his lesson and became a man of few words.

## 28. THE MAGIC SCYTHE

A poor laborer was on his way to the north country to earn money by cutting hay.

He was kind to a poor, hungry dog.

That night he dreamed that an old elf-woman brought him a scythe.

He went to work for a witch-woman, who made an agreement with him.

He again dreamed of the elf-woman, who gave him advice.

The witch-woman made the magic rakes help her rake the hay.

The man did as the elf-woman told him.

The witch told the man that he was more clever than she was.

The man was well paid for his work.

## 29. THE EVENING MEAL

The boys prepare for dinner.

They have had a holiday out of doors and have come home very hungry.

They talk about where things come from.

The plow helps by loosening the soil.

The first plow was a piece of a branch of a tree.

Later, a metal plow was used.

Farmers are very important people in this world.

## 30. THE ANTELOPE, THE WOODPECKER, AND THE TORTOISE

An antelope, a woodpecker, and a tortoise lived together near a lake.

A hunter caught the antelope in a leather trap.

The tortoise began to gnaw the leather thong.

The woodpecker went to the hunter and struck him in the face several times to delay him.

The hunter came and found only the tired tortoise, which he hung on a tree.

Then the hunter went after the antelope, which he spied running through the wood.

The hunter was taken far out of his way.

The antelope returned by another way and freed the tortoise.

The antelope, the tortoise, and the woodpecker lived all their lives as friends.



### 31. THE HORSESHOE

There were four men in a blacksmith shop, working and talking.

Two military men entered to have a horse shod.

One, a colonel, began to handle the tools.

The master-smith began to work at the forge.

The shoe did not suit.

The colonel began to make one.

He made a shoe that satisfied him.

The master was very much astonished.

He told his helpers that he believed the colonel was no other than Rikke-Tikke-Tak.

### 32. THE COMPASS

In the daytime, we know our way by signs, or by the sun.

At night, the North Star is our guide.

Ships have instruments to guide them.

Until the compass was found, ships did not sail very far from land.

Columbus and others used the compass and went on long voyages.

The needle of the compass always points toward the north.

### 33. THE STEADFAST TIN SOLDIER

A boy received some tin soldiers for his birthday, one of which had only one leg.

Among some other toys, the tin soldier saw a little dancer who seemed to have only one leg also.

The soldier fell in love with the dancer.

At night, the toys played games.

The little tin soldier fell out of the window into the street.

The rain carried the little tin soldier into a canal, where he was swallowed by a fish.

The fish was caught, and the tin soldier found himself at home again.

The tin soldier and the dancer looked at each other.

A boy threw the soldier into the fire and the wind blew the dancer in also.

They died together.

### 34. A BRAVE RESCUE

The fireman saw a woman at the window of a burning house.

The fireman broke through the door with an ax.

He entered a room where a man and his wife were sleeping.

The fireman placed his foot among the wires outside the window.

His right foot was held by the man.

In this way he formed a bridge between the windows.

The fireman encouraged the woman to keep her from jumping from the window.

When all was ready he told the woman to step out on to his knee.

He kept her from falling by grasping her with his left hand.

Then he thrust her in front of him through the window.

### 35. AN ADVENTURE WITH A LION

A party arriving at Table Bay decided to go to see the wild animals.

First they saw the secretary birds, which kill snakes.

Tommy slipped away and threw stones at one of the lions.

Suddenly the lion dashed at him.

Tommy shrieked and promised never to throw stones again.

Tommy was very careful after that.

### 36. WRESTLING

Tom was now independent, and he played with the village boys.

In a short time he mastered their games.

He soon began to wrestle.

One by one he defeated all the boys except Harry Winburn.

He finally mastered Harry's fall.

On Saturdays, besides their games, the boys wandered everywhere, equal in everything, except wrestling, running, and climbing.

### 37. WELL DONE AND ILL PAID

A man once met a bear that threatened to kill his sheep unless he would give up his horse.

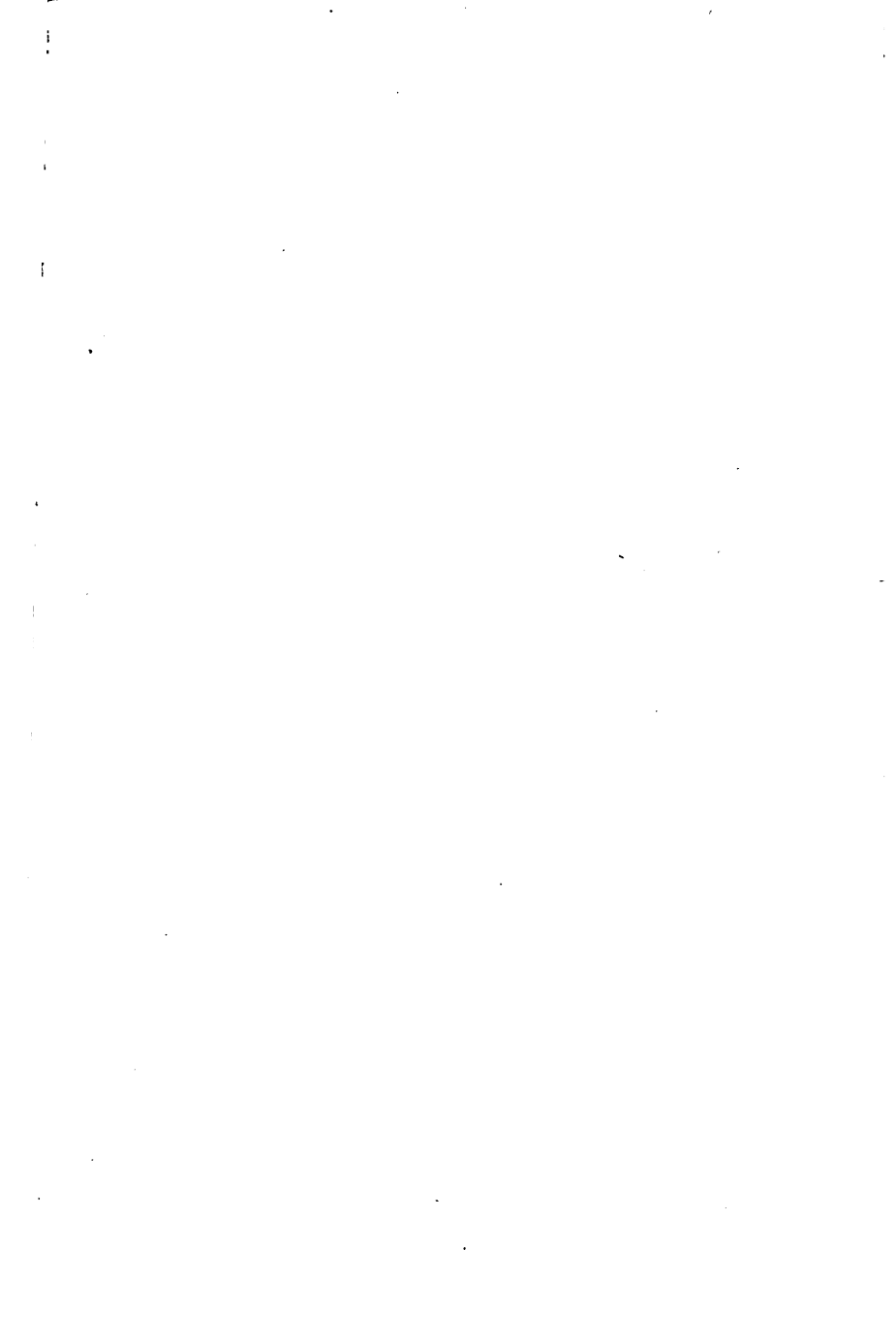
The man met a fox that promised to help him if he would give the fox a fat sheep.

The fox told the man what to do and the bear was soon killed.

The next day the man went to give the sheep to the fox, but his wife told him to take hounds and catch the fox instead.

The fox ran for his life, saying, "Well done is often ill paid."





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